THE TVRKE.

A Worthie TRAGEDIE.

As it hath bene diuers times acted by the Children *of his Maiesties Reuels.*

Written by *Iohn Maſon* Maiſter of Artes.

Sume ſuperbiam queſitam meritis
Horat.

LONDON.
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1610.

Scænarum Perſonæ.

Mulleaſſes	the Turke
Borgias	Gouernour of Florence.
Duke of Venice.	
Duke of Ferrara.	
Bordello	an humerous trauellour.
Pantofle	his Page
Eunuchus	ſeruant to Borgias
Lord of Florence.	
Phego	a gentleman vſher.
Philenzo	a gentleman of Ferrara:
Pruſias.	a gentleman of Venice
A Fryer	
Iulia	Dutcheſſe of Florence.
Timoclea	Borgias wife
Amada	his daughter
Madam Fulſome	an old Gentlewoman

Prologus

THe markes and notions extant in each ſpirit,
Seald by th'induſtrious hand of art & merit,
Me thinkes appeare tranſparant (as the minde
By ſence were bounded and might ſeeme confind
In th'externall eye) nor ſhall our tragicke muſe,
(If ſtrong hope faile not) need a coynd excuſe
But to thoſe marginall noates of yours do bring
(In following nombers from the learned ſpring)
Matter inſtructiue to inrich their parts
Where knowledge raignes crownd with it own deſarts,
Let ſuch with ſerious and impartiall hearing
Solund fence, quicke ſight and iudgement neuer erring:
Suruay and cenſure the mineruall frame
Of his elaborate worke: and if his name
Merrit regard, and you vouchſafe to grace him
With eminent loue, or mongſt thoſe lawreats place him,
That with the magicke of ſweet poeſie,
Tranſſer *Pernaſſus* into Brittany,
He ſhall digeſt the Chaos of his braine,
To tunefull order and acquire a ſtraine,
Neere to the muſicke of the heauenly ſpheres,
To fit Times guard and rauiſh choyſeſt eares.

FINIS.

Epilogus.

FAme and Opinion like the two vvingd cap
On *Hermes* head, do lift all Poets vp:
Some, though deseruing, yet aboue the Sphere
Of true impartiall censure, vvhose tun'd eare
Listens to all and can vvith iudgement say,
Others sing vvell, though *Thracian Orpheus* play.
Our Muse affects no excellence: if Fame tell
And through her shrill trompe at the Muses well
(Where the thrice trebled bench of learning sits
In strict examination of others wits)
Sound ours, thogh humbly straines, whose infant growth
Nor dares, nor will, with times hugd darlings quarrell,
Nor stand the lightning with the sacred Lawrell)
We rest content: yet thus farre may conceipt
Carry each labouring Artist, where the weight
Of his ovld taske is ouer, that his tongue
May like a father of his tender young
Speak natures lauguage and not be withstood,
When with our Muse he saith, that *This is good.*

FINIS.

This *Epilogue* should haue bene printed at the end of the booke, but there was no spare place for it.

Mulleasses the Turke,

Actus primi. Scæna prima.

Enter aloft Iulia, and Amada.

Iul. HOw sweet are things knowne in their contraries
When onely apprehension, and sicke thoughts
Foster a gredy longing *Amada*?
A. Madame you breath: no couetous hand
Takes the aire from you: no contrariety
Bandy's against your rest: as I am modest,
My fathers seeming harsh vngentlenesse
Is but a misty pollicy, to be guile some time.
Then be your selfe and *Iouiall*:
Iul. Yet why should I repine,
At this my foret restraint of libertie?
Our life is but a saylng to our death,
Through the worlds Ocean: it makes no matter then
Whether we put into the worlds vast Sea,
Shipt in a Pinasse or an Argosy:
Amad. No Matter: when we hope for change of vessels Ladye
And in that hope beguile your passions:
Giue your sight freedome o're the citty walls
And see what worthie obiects meete your eyes:
See where two Dukes, each like a god of warre,
Lye both entrench't against the gates of Florence
To gaine your loue: on the west side, ther's
Ferrara hangs his scarlet ensignes foorth
And woos in blood: then from the East behould

In a white enſigne ſil'd with ſtarres of gould,
Burnes the Venitians loue: the morning Sun
Courts not the world more amorouſly: he as mild
As *Mirrhas* boye doth proue that loue's a childe,
Not techy if not wronged. The other like Mars
Hemms in his Venus in his armes of ſteele.

Enter the Duke of Ferrara at one doore and the Duke of Venice at another doore and meete at the midſt of the ſtage.

And vowes a conqueſt: Se where they appeere:
Madame your loue, which hand for a Dukedome?
Were I an Orator I could praiſe *Ferrara*,
He like the marble ſtatue of ſome God,
Carryes command in his proportion,
In him loue ſeemes a warrior for the fire;
Of beſt affection burnes in hot deſire.
Iul. And yet me thinkes the ſmooth Venitian
Should more content a Venus:
In him loue ſeemeth as he is, calme and mild,
Pleaſing and ſportfull: things rough and violent
Dye like abortiue fruit before perfection.
Th'are purſy and ſhort breathd: th'ardor of true loue
Burns in a calme breaſt: in him affections
Are not like tempeſts raging: yet of force
Like an euen gale of wind to beare loues ſhip
Vnto the port of happineſſe: his fire
Burns, and conſumes not, but maintaine deſire.
Ven. Giue o're my claime: that ſhould argue,
A too cold temperature in loue: beſies
It would diſable the Venetian power
Not to make good his chalenge: I dare not.
Ferr. Why ſhe is mine by promiſe.
Ven. I grant, that *Borgias* her Vncle and Protector
Promiſd you that which he cannot performe.

But

But know *Ferrara* that my claime takes roote
And growes vpon the promise of the State,
I by the Senate was assur'd her loue,
And on that ground the justice of my cause
Pleads. Thus in armes against the citty walls.
Ferr. Herein you erre: for know the Florentine
Dying a Prince powerfull and absolute
(Not countermanded by a popular voice
Or by th'ambitious factions of a Senate)
Leaues the Protector in his daughters nonage
Free like himselfe, and absolute: of power
To promise and performe: on his assurance
Liues my loues right: then were you both
Direct opposers of what I clayme, by heauen
And by that influence that made me great
I would persue my chalenge through your bloods.
Ven. Giue not such passage to your heat my Lord
Ferr: Then giue my power a passage to my Loue:
Ven: That I demaund of you.
Ferr: And I command:
That without stay you raise your powers
And leaue this citties siedge vnto our armes,
Or what we aimd at them we'le turne on you.
Ven. Although your powre we're equall with your pride
I would dare stay *Ferrara*, and proclaime
Thy title weake, thy claime litigious:
Mine onely iust, apparant, righteous.
Yet let not fury so empeach our wisdomes
To iarre for her another doth possesse,
And make our follies laughter to our foes:
Will then *Ferrara* make his passions subiect
To an indifferency that I shall propound?
Ferr. If the indifferency you shall propound
Deuides not me from *Iulia*:
Ven. She's the maine claime of both our armed loues.
Fer. And without her ther's no indifferency.

Ven. Y'are friuolous:
Why know *Ferrara*, thy prerogatiue
Extends no further then thy sword can reach:
Then when thy conquests hath confirmd thy will
Thou maist capitulate with rude commaunds,
Till when proud Prince, stoupe at imperious chance.
For did no other title then my sword
Make my claime righteous: yet the doubtfull lot
Cast on the ends of warre, carries my fate
Euen with thy pride: the Lady as mine owne
To shewe an eminence that o're lookes thy hope,
I chalendge and auerre the right of warre
Due to my sword.
Ferr. Vnsheath it then.
Ven. Yes at thy bosome. *Sound Cornets: they stay.*
Fer. What meanes this suddaine parley from the walls?
Iul. What are the Dukes at odds?
Am. Harke Madam from the walls——*Sound againe.*
A suddaine parley speakes vnto the Dukes
Iul. Was that that staid their swords,
Amad. I woud faine haue seene,
how like *Esops* warriour they could haue fought,
For that a third carries away.
Some new deuise of pollicy hath caus'd
This vnexepected change: not long since
It was resolu'd in councell to maintaine
The siege against the hottest opposition.
Iul. Did I not thinke my fortunes ebbe at lowest?
It might amaze me.
Amad. My libertie:
May soone giue notice to you: then lets away:
A Sunne may rise to mak'a happy day. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter aloft Borgias and the Senate.

Ven. To whome speakes *Borgias*?
Bor. Dukes to you both.
The present and vnlookt for cause of griefe,
That now hath tooke possession on our breasts,
Cuts of the feeling of all outward feare:
Our priuate griefes were desperate: did there not
A pubike care of others burden vs
We thinke you wrongd, I and the Senate heere,
Causes of both the nonsuites of your loues,
Appeale vnto remission.
Fer. But whether bends your far-fetcht Oratory?
Restore the Lady vnto me: and on my honours pawne
Ile free your Citty from the armes of *Venice*.
Ven. Senate, and you on whose authority,
And pawne of honor I engagde my loue,
Slau'd my affections, and did prostitute
The freedome of my soule to *Julia*:
Sleight not your wisedomes and your worths in counsel,
To serue the ends of hidden pollicy:
Make good your words engagde, and as I liue
A Prince vnstainde in honor, I will free
Your Citty from *Ferraras* hottest fury.
Borg. Alas my gratious and renowned Lords,
I grieue to see your passions,
Emptied of th'obiects that they wrought vpon:
I am the Embassador of heauy newes,
To you I am sure as heauy as to vs.
Ven. Speake it.
Borg. O it doth presse the Organs of my speech,
And like a lethargie doth numbe those motions
Should giue it vtterance.
Ferra. Hold the Protector there from falling.

Some standersby helpe to vnlade his burthen.
The Camel else will sinke downe vnder it.
Borg. Scoffe not my gratious Prince: the griefe I see
Will be as heauy on thy now light head,
As tis on mine: the Lady whome you loue——
Ferr. Why what of her?
Ven. Where is she? speake:
Borg. Singing with Angels in the quire of heauen,
The Requiem of Saints.
Ferr. Shee's dead!
Ven. Shee's dead!
Borg. I Lords vnto your loues.
Ven. O my Loues hard fate.
Ferr. Dead!
Borg. And now my Lords, seeing that she is dead,
For whome you raisd these armes against our walls,
I hope your furious angers liue no longer.
Ferr. We are appeasd: *Venice* I thus salute thee,
and reconcile my fury in thy armes.
S'death dead?
Ven. Discend Protector, with her our armes are dead.
Ferr. I am amazd: possesse me patience, *Discend.*
Credulity *Ferrara* is a vertue,
I beleeue it: *Borgias*: oh my spleene,
That he should thinke me so rediculous,
To fasten any faith on pollicy,
The statelieſt generall prop is iealousie,
On all men & their actions: I know it not.
Ven. Should I thinke her murdred, or that she still doth liue?
And feede some hope by deeming him a villaine,
That sooths this sorrowfull newes into our eares?
I might herein seeme polliticke, and nurse
Some mischiefe in my bosome for reuenge,
Of that wherein I but suspect a wrong.
The trickes of State-moules that worke vnder Princes,
Are at the best, but like the vipers young,

That

That how-so-ere prodigious and hurtfull,
To many open and seeure passengers,
Yet do they neuer liue: without the death
Of him that first gaue motion to their breath.
This keepes me honest still, the heauens and fate
Are the best guardians to a wronged state.

Asbert flourish.

Enter Borgias and the Senate.

Borg. Laying aside all feare of what you may,
Thus to your powers we do expose our liues,
Your wrongs we do confesse might speake reuenge,
Did not this flood of sudden griefe, take vp
All passion in it selfe: speake mighty Dukes,
Liues *Florence* in your loues? with *Iulias* death
Dies the memoriall of your former wrongs?
Ven. I forget them all.
Ferr. I take no pleasure in reuenge.
Borg. Then are our Citty gates ope to your loues,
And beg a fauour due vnto the dead:
This night the funerall hearse of *Iulia*,
(I know that name is deere vnto you both)
Returnes againe to her creation.
This night the rauenous mother of the world,
(The all corrupting earth that eats her yong)
Swalloweth the body of your *Iulia*.
This night she takes a farwell of vs all:
Then let it be a witnesse of your loues,
To giue her hearse an honor with your presence.
Ferr. Should we not graunt this, we might be taxt
Of much dishonor.
Ven. I were not worthy that it should be said
I leuyed armes for loue of *Iulia*,
Should I deny my presence at her hearse.
Borg. My lone, the neere alliance to her blood,

The deere remembrance of my Soueraigne dead,
Whose loue committed her vnto my care,
Makes me accept this honor done to me:
And I stand bound in bonds of gratitude
To both your princely worths: in lieu of which,
Let my emboldned weaknesse mighty Lords,
Presume t'inuite you to a funerall supper,
A banquet forc'd by ceremonius custome,
As a due obsequy.

Ven. The loue of *Iulia*
Exacts from me all rights of custome.

Ferr. I yeelde my presence.

Borg. Your guards shall be my honor for this night,
Your seuerall armies during your stay in *Florence*,
Shall be maintained at our Cities charge,
In recompence of loue to *Iulia*.

Ven. We thanke you.

Fer. We thanke yous

Borg. Nor giue we expectation of proud pompe,
Of shewes, or Pageants, for your entertainment:
Our bels ring forth our sorrowes in sad peales,
No pleasant changes to giue Princes welcome,
Our Churches stand not garnished with pictures,
To please deuoted superstition with,
But mourne in blacke. Our Church men
Leaue their chaunting Antheams, & their daily Masse,
To sing continuall requiems to her soule.
Sorrow sits sad and weeping in our streetes,
All eies are wet with teares, saue those where griefe
Hath dryed all moysture vp. Our sucking infants
Are pale and leane with hanging on the breasts,
Of griefe-spent mothers: If these may welcome you,
Wee'le giue you prodigall welcome to our Citty.

Ven. Such welcome fits the death of *Iulia*.

Ferr. So should all mourne and weepe for *Iulia*.

Borg. So doe we mourne and weepe for *Iulia*.

Lead on vnto the Citty: how slowe pac'd is sorrow?
Griefe is a Tortoyse to the nimble sence,
And chils their motions, the officers of loue,
Liue at our funerall, and in death do moue. *Exeunt.*

Scæna secunda.

Enter Amada & Eunuchus.

Ama. Eunuchus?
Eunu. Madam.
Ama. What solemnity is that the Citty celebrates?
Eunu. The Dukes of Venice and Ferrara,
Are with your father entred the wals
Vnto the funerals of *Iulia*.
Ama. Why, is *Iulia* dead?
Eunu. I hope your Ladiship———
Ama. I cry thee mercy: the remembrance of her
Makes me still thinke she liues.
And thats the cause they parleyed on the wals.
Eunu. True Madam.
Ama. Remoue a while.
Eunu. At your seruice Lady. *stand aside.*
Ama. *Iulia* giuen out for dead,
And liue in durance at my fathers will?
Tis strange: the Dukes inuited to her funerall.
More mists of pollicy? O simplicity!
The clue of reason cannot guid the fate,
Of this *Dedalion* maze: wer't not prophane
In me to question nature for my birth,
And quarrell with my starres for being daughter
To him whome I suspect to be a villaine:
Some inspiration of religious thoughts,
Make nature lesse in me, and beare my duty
Euen with his awe whose vncontrould commaund,
Erects our obedience from our impious parents.

My

My father *Borgias* left in charge with me,
That I should keepe faire *Iulia*: I am her Iaylor.
To whome, both he and I do owe alleagiance.
Distracted duty, how should I bestow thee?
On the right owner, Iustice I adore thee.

Enter Borgias.

Borg. *Amada.*
Ama. My loue and duty.
Borg. Alone?
Ama. My mothers Eunuch?
Borg. How fares *Iulia*?
Ama. Liues as you cõmanded, vnseene & priuate.
Burg. Thy mothers dead.
Ama. Defend it heauens!
Borg. Dead: no more: *Eunuchus*?
Eunu. My loue and seruice.
Borg. You gaue it out last night as I commaunded
Timoclea my wife was sicke.
Eunu. I did and't like your grace.
Borg. When sets the Sunne?
Eunu. Some six houres hence.
Borg. To night wilbe to soone: to morrow morning
Rumour't about the Citty, my wife is dead,
Say abroad she is dead.
Eunu It shall be done.
Borg. So shall thy duty keepe me bound to thee.
Amada: some thing more I haue to say,
Prepare for marriage.
Ama. For marriage?
Borg. Question me not, thou must be married,
Mulleasses is thy husband, my word hath seald it.
Be still my *Argus*, and keepe *Iulia*.
Death to my soule! *Eunuchus*
Canst thou vnknowne (to any saue thy selfe)
Poyson a groome to stuffe a coffen with?
Eunu. I can to please your Lordship.

Borg. O thou shalt please vs highly! I haue great vse
Of such a thing, I prethee do it:
My wife last night was poysoned, her body
The world beleeues is *Iulias*, supposed dead.
Now for the second funerall of my wife.
Her coffin must be fild vp with some slaue,
He shall be honord princely to his graue.
The funerall staies my presence: *Amada*
See to my *Iulia*, if *Mullasses* moue,
Be kinde and gentle to his proffered loue. *Exit Borgia.*
Ama. Heere's a distracted labirinth of wit,
Iulia aliue, and yet her funeral kept:
My mother dead and neuer Sicke: tis true:
To many, death is suddaine and vnlookt for:
So't was to her: and in the midst of death,
I must be married: death take me to,
Let me not liue to see those tapers burne,
That leade me to his bed: where's sanctity?
Religion is the fooles bridle, worne by pollicy:
As horse weare trappers to seeme faire in shew,
And make the worldes eye dote on what we seeme.
Be silent yet for duty stops thy mouth,
Ile in to *Iulia*, 'tis she and I,
That must be *Chorus* in this Tragedy. *Exit Amada.*
Eunu. How so'ere my fortunes make me now a slaue,
I was a free borne Christians sonne in *Cyprus*,
When Famagusta by the Turke was sackt:
In the deuision of which Citty spoyles,
My fortunes fell to *Mullasses* lot:
Nor was it Tyranny inough that I was Captiue,
My parents robd of me, and I of them,
But they wrongd nature in me, made me an Eunuch,
Disabled of those masculine functions,
Due from our sex: and thus subiected,
These sixteene yeares vnto the vilde commaund,
Of an imperious Turke, I now am giuen

To serue the hidden secrets of his lust,
Vnto *Timoclea*, the wife of *Borgias*,
Whose priuate mixtures I am guilty of:
Betwixt these three I stand as in a maze,
In eg'd to al their sinnes, and made a baud
To lust and murder: *Mulleasses* first
Giues me vnto *Timoclea*, that without suspect
I might procure their loues security:
For which they promise me my liberty.
But *Borgias* whether iealous of his wife,
Or reaching at some further policy,
Bindes me with golden offers to his trust,
And first comaunds me rumour it abroad
Timoclea his wife was sicke, when at that instant
She was in health and daunsing with her Turke:
Now I must second that report with death,
And say abroad *Timoclea* is dead:
Short warning for a iourney vnto heauen:
But (which amaz'th most) I must prouide
The body of some groome to stop a coffin with.
This is a riddle of some Sphinx, let *Oedipus*
Vnfold the meaning: I leaue it to th'euent,
And thinke most safety in not knowing it.
I must prouide some groome, thats my commaund.
Prosper me Saturne, and those starres of sinne,
Whose influence makes villaines fortunate:
He kils by law that kils men for a state.

Enter Bordello & Pantofle his Page.

But who comes heere? oh my spruce hee-ketch
That makes his boye saue him the charges of a bawdy house,
Fore *Mahomet* an excellent fellow for my Lords coffin:
Assist me power of wit.

Bord. Pantofle.

Pan. At your pleasure sir?

Bord. Thou hast bene at my pleasure indeed *Pantofle*, I will retreate into the country, hate this amourous, Court: and betake my selfe to obscurity; I tel thee boye I wil returne by this *Circyan* Ile without transformation since *Hebe* hath discouered her secrets I will turne *Iupiter*, hate the whole sexe of women, and onely embrace thee my *Ganimede*.

Pan. Sfoot sir you are as passionate for the disloyalty of your Sempstresse, as some needy knight would be for the losse of some rich magnificos widdow: doe you not see how the supporters of the Court, the Lady of the labby gape after your good parts like so many grigges after fresh water, and can you withhold the dew of your moyster element?

Bord. I tel thee should the Lady *Iulia* when she was aliue haue profered me her cheeke to kisse, I would not haue bowed to that painted image for her whole Dukedome: *Mercury* had no good aspect in the horoscope of my nativity; women and lotium are reciprocall, their sauour is noysome.

Eunu. Why her's a slaue in folio will seeme to slight the loue of a Princesse, when he would willingly spend his talent on an oyster wife.

Bora. Sirra *Pantofle* trusse vp my wardrobe: but withal publish my departure, I would willingly put my creditors to the chardge of garding me out of towne.

Pan. It will much scandalize your reputation for to depart indebted: you will be cursed heauily.

Bord. To depart indebted boy, is the onely way to be praid for, seeing they knowe it is my prosperity and welfare that must make them satisfaction.

Eunu. Before heauen an excellent reason.

Pant. Pray Sir make euen with your Taylor, he is poore.

Bord. Most willingly, for I am not possest of a penni in, and if he be not before with me, I take it we are euen and may walke in campage. *Pantofle* vanish.

Pant. I goe Sir.

Eunc. I haue it, thankes sweete *Thalia*, thou hast begot a child of mirth in my braine, I will put it to this creature of Florence to nurse: Saucy Seignior.

Bord. Eunuchus, Venus restore thee to thy generation: what doings are now in your quarters?

Eun Doings: in faith courtly and weake: Cupid helpe the poore Ladyes.

Bord. you are aboue me, I meane not their ingenys or vpper galleries:

Eun. Nor I neither: and yet I speake of their vnderstandings, which by reason of a generall spring, halt and debility in their hamms (heauens know) are most falteringly feeble: but to present the message I am sent for: to your worthiest self, from my Lady and mistresse the protectors wife: you are intelligent?

Bord. The beauteous *Timoclea.*

Eun. Heauens grant she may haue the vertue of attraction: for she hath laid open, the luster of her best parts to your grace Sir: nay make not retreate Sir: she knowes you disdaine her loue.

Bord. The truth is I am earthly, and like not to participate with the element of the fire: good *Eunuchus* commend me to your Lady, and tell her by importuning my affection, she seekes the fall of an innocent.

Eun. True Sir, but with a firme beliefe of your rising againe.

Bord. I see no hope of it.

Eun. The harder is her fortune: but heare me, me thinkes reward should pricke you on with more courage, to such an honorable encounter.

Bord. Faith *Eunuche* I haue made a vow not to vncase my selfe to any of that sexe.

Eun. It may be you grounded your oath vpon the vncleanes of your shirt.

Bord. Verily since the relapse of my Sempstresse, I haue not addi-

addicted my selfe to that neat & cleanly carriage.

Eun. Sfoot I thought some foule cause or other, interposed it selfe twixt you and my Lady: But sir, Ile see all wants supplyed, thy debts satisfied, thy fortunes eternally mounted: onely bee tractable to my poore lone-sicke Lady and mistresse, iust and loving.

Bord. As I am, so fates assist me: and *Eunuchus* here's my hand thou shalt haue ample share in my fortunes.

Eun. By this hand sir but I will not: doe not faile sir at eight of the clocke to meete me here, where Ile deliuer you the key of my Ladyes chamber: with further instructions in the businesse, and with assurednesse of preferment and promotion.

Bord. Deere *Eunuch* let me hugge thee: how I long to manifest thy seruice to my Lady *Timoclea*.
You will meete?

Eun. My hand and promise for it.

Bord. It shall suffice.
By women man first fell, by them Ile rise. *Exit.*

Eun. Hahaha: Protector, here's a slaue
Shall stuffe thy coffin: him thou shalt sacrifice
Vnto *Timocleas* ghost, whose humerous soule
Shall in his passage ouer *Acheron*
Make *Charon* laugh, and the sterne judge of hell
Smile at his folly: this is the fatall key
Conducts him to those shades by *Borgias* hand.
Thus fooles must fall, that wise men firme may stand.

Scæna. 3.

Enter a Frier, after him a funerall in White, and bearers in white, after them Borgias; then the two Dukes, after them the Senate. &c.

A solemne march.

Bor. SEt downe that heauy load of misery,
So would the easing you, might ease my heart!

Pure virgin Hearke: O let it not impeach
The grauity of age to let some teares
Fall at thy funerall: true relique of that loue
I did inherit from thy fathers mouth,
When to my charge he left his heire and Dukedome
In thee I am depriu'd of all that honour
I should have purchac'd by that thankefull care
Was due vnto thy fathers memory:
Did not my griefe load all my powers of speech,
Oh I could spend my age in commenting
Of those true vertues dyed with him and thee,
But sorrow shuts my breast: Priest, thine office.

Fry. By that great power is giuen to mee
The gates of heauen I ope to thee,
When mongst the Angels thou shalt sing
The song of Saints before a King,
That sits for euer on his throane,
And giueth light to euery one:
To him thy soule we doe bequeath,
Thy body to the earth beneath:
And so we close thy tombe againe,
And pray thy soule be free from paine.

Ver. Looke from thy holy mansion sacred maid
And see how prostrate I adore thy blisse:
These armes in hope of conquest of thy loue
That rould themselues in steele, shall claspe the aire,
And in their empty foldings liue still barren
Of all the comfort my youths hope did promise.
And since thy death takes my loues ioy from me,
Ile die a virgin-Saint and liue with thee.

Fer. I cannot vent my breast in loue sicke tearmes,
Nor call to record all the gods of loue
For my integrity; nor prostitute,
An oyly passion curiously composd
Of riming numbers at my mistres hearse:
Or tell her dead trancke my true loue in verse:

But since by death her loue I am denide,
To say I loud her is *Ferraraes* pride.
Borg. My honour, and that weake abillity
Our state affoords, to doe your graces seruice,
Lies at your princely feete, for this your loue
Done to the dead: now is *Iulia* shut
For euer from your eyes: saue that she liues
Like a pure relique of some holy Saint,
Shrind in our breasts for euer: let me now renew
My first request, to sup with vs to night,
A ceremony due at funerals.
So shall you double honour vnto me,
In doing double honour vnto her.
Ven. Ile do all honour both to her and you.
Ferr. Ile breake no custome.
Borg. I humbly thanke your graces, please you lead?
Heere liues a lasting memory of the dead. *Exeunt.*

A solemne march.

Manet Borgia

Thus far my pioning pollicies run euen,
And leuell with my aymes: *Iulia* liues,
And in her hearse *Timoclea* my wife,
Deludes the credulous Dukes: poysoned last night
By *Mulleasses*, to make way for me,
To marry *Iulia* my brothers daughter,
For which the Cardinall of *Anion* my kinsman
Sollicites daily with his holinesse,
For dispensation with our bloods alliance:
As for these weake men, whose pursuits in loue,
Dies with my strong auerring of her death,
I can commaund their liues: and then maintaine
My actions with the sword: for which the Turke
By *Mulleasses* made vnto my purpose,
Offers me forty thousand Ianisaries
To be my guard, gainst forraigne outrages:
And more: hee'le make me king of Italy,

To giue him but commaund vpon the streights,
And land his force on this side Christendome
And I will do it: on my faith to God
And loyalty I owe vnto the starres,
Should there depend all Europe and the states
Christened thereon: Ide sinke them all,
To gaine those ends I haue proposd my aimes,
Religion (thou that ridst the backes of Slaues
Into weake minds insinuating feare
And superstitious cowardnesse) thou robst
Man of his chiefe blisse by bewitching reason.
Nature at these my browes bend: thy mysteries
Wrought by thine owne hands in our actiue braines,
Giue vs the vse of good: thou art my God,
If what I haue of thee, or wit or art,
Or Serpent sliding through the mindes of men,
Cunning confusion of all obstacles,
Be they my childrens liues, my deerest friends
May gaine me what I wish, I stoope at thy renowne.
And thinke al's *vacuum* aboue a crowne,
For they that haue the soueraignty of things,
Do know no God at all, are none but Kings. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus 2. Scæna 1.

Mulleasses solus.

Mull. ETernall substitute to the first that mou'd
And gaue the Chaos forme. Thou at whose nod
Whole Nations stoopt, and hold thee still a God:
Whose holy-customd-ceremonious rites,
Liue vnprophan'd in our posterity:
Thou God of *Mecha*, mighty *Mahomet*,
Thus *Mulleasses* at thy memory

Discends: accept his prone humility,
Grear Prophet; let thy influence be free
Vncheckt by danger; mew not vp my soule,
In the pent roome of conscience;
Make me not morall *Mahomet*; coopt vp
And fettred in the fooles phylosophy,
That points our actions vnto honesty.
Giue my plots fortune: let my hope but touch
The marke I aime at: then the gazing time
Shall in the present hide my former ill
Succesſe like *Lethe* to the soules in blisse
Makes men forget things past and crownes our sins
With name of valour, be we impious.
A Scelus felix styles vs vertuous.

Enter Eunuchus.

Eunu. My honourd Lord:
Mull. What diuell interrupts me?
Eunu. My duty.
Mull. Your duty is too dilligent that dares
Peere into my retreats: now should I kill thee.
Eunu. The Lord Protector *Borgias* my maister——
Mull. Age and diseases breed consumptions
And rot him. What craues he?
Eunu. Your instant presence.
Mull. I haue instant businesse whose high import
Detaines my speed: know you the matter?
Eunu. A tumult 'mongst the fearefull multitude,
Causd by an ominous terrour in the heauens,
Is as I gesse the reason of your want.
Mull. What heauens? what terror?
Eunu. The Sun on suddaine feeles a darke ecclipse
And hides his siluer face behinde the moone,
As loath to see some prodegies appeare.
Mull. Make that ecclipse eternall *Mahomet*.

Rise, rise ye mistie-footed Iades of night,
Draw your darke mistresse with her sable vayle,
Like a blacke *Negro* in an Ebone chaire,
Athwart the worlds eie: from your foggy breaths
Hurle an Egiptian grossenes through the ayre,
That none may see my plots: Hast any greater newes?

Eunu. The daies eyes out, a thousand little starres
Spread like so many torches, about the skye,
Make the world shew like Churches hung with blacke,
And set with tapers at some funerall:
Amongst these starres directly from the East,
A firy meteor points a burning rod
At *Florence*.

Mulle. Perhaps tis thirsty for the blood of Princes,
Blase out prodigious starre, and let the fire
Dart soule amazing terror to all eyes:
Be like the Basiliske fatall to behold:
He fat the slimy earth more then the plague,
And from her bosome send the blood of Kings
Stild into oyly vapours & borne on high,
To expiate those flames that else would die.

Eunu. What answere shall I returne vnto my Lord?

Mulle. That I will see him presently, be gone: *Borgias*,
Thou art no tutord Pollitition *Exit Eunuc.*
To lay another in thy bosome.
Know a state-villaine must be like the winde,
That flies vnseene yet lifts an Ocean,
Into a mountaines height. That on the sands
Whole Navies may be split in their discent.
I stand aboue thee, and as from a rocke
Whose eminence outswelles the raging flood,
See thy hopes shipwrackt: O credulity,
Securities blinde nurse: the dreame of fooles:
The drunkards Ape, that feeling for his way
Euen when he thinkes in his deluded sence,
To snatch at safety, fals without defence.

Twice

Twise hath the *Nemean* Lyon breathd, forth fire,
And made the scalded Dogge-star pant with heate.
Twise the dayes planet through the burning signes.
Hurred his fierie chariot since the time
I came to Florence in exchange for *Iulia*.
The sonne of *Borgias* here to learne the tongues,
The fashions and the arts of Christendome:
Now by my sly and affable intrusion
I am made intimate with *Borgias*:
He thinkes my thoughts are Oziars to be wrought
In any forme: the Dukes (that claimd
The loue of *Iulia*) he hath deluded
By a fain'd rumour of a suddaine death:
Her he detaines vntill he fits his time
By murder of the Dukes to be secure,
In his owne power to dacke his marriage:
Timoclea his wife (the death of all his plots
If she suruiues) he now beleues is dead
Poysond by me: in liew of which he grants
His daughter *Amada* to me for wife:
As if my hopes flew not as high as his:
Now to secure my flight and make my wings
Stronger then his that melted in the Sun,
His wife *Timoclea* liues within this tombe
Made seeming liuelesse by a sleepy iuyce
Infusd in stead of poyson in her cup:
Here I must wake her and in her stir vp
Reuenge gainst *Borgias*.
Image of death and daughter of the night,
Sister to *Lethe* all oppressing sleepe,
Thou that amongst a hundred thousand dreames,
Crownd with a wreath of mandrakes sitst as Queene,
To whome a million of care-clogged soules,
Lye quaffing iuyce of Poppy at thy feete,
Resigne thy vsurpassion, and dislodge,
Hang on the eyes of sloth and make them sleepe

Whose hearts are heauie, or whose sorrowes weepe,
Giue way to motion: and thou whose blood
Stands in thy full vaines like a charmed floud
Receiue the aire againe: suruiue his hate
That on thy graue againe climbes high to reach his fate.

Timoclea riseth in the tombe.

Timo. Who speakes so lowd?
Mul. He that speakes life *Timoclea*.
Timo. You wake me.
Mul. Such power I chalenge Lady in my voice,
To wake you from your graue.
Timo. Where am I?
Mul. In your graue.
Timo. Hah, my graue!
Mul. Be not amased madame: you are safe.
Timo. Who speakes vnto me? oh forbeare:
I am not for your presence: see my bed
Lyes much vnseemely: who attends me there?
What meanes this impudent intrusion?
Mul. Take time to your amazement: know where you are
Tis *Mulleasses* speakes to you: him you once lou'd:
Tis not now time to feare.
Timo. I know your face and yet I feare my being
Giues cause of feare.
Mul. Giue your selfe, to me and on those rites
Due to the sweets of loue, here is no daunger.
Timo. Accept me in your armes.
Mul. See where you are, know you this place?
Timo. Some Church I thinke.
Mul. And these the Tropheyes of your Ancestours.
This is the buriall common to your blood.
Timo. Oh free me from amazement, what strange accident
Brought me so neere my death? I am now my selfe
And truely capable of a discourse.
Mul. Then know madame your life hath bene pursued,
And my selfe brib'd to be your poisoner,

But that my loue turnd death vnto a sleepe,
And brought you thus aliue vnto your graue:
Timo Say on my dearest Lord, who brib'd thy loue?
What barbarisme, or what desert of mine
Mou'd this attempt against my life?
Mul. My soule durst iustifie your innocence,
But that desease that bred in Paradise,
Swels like the Prestors poison in our vaines
(To which al men are heirs ambition)
Desire to be like God: t'was that corruption
Gaue me occasion thus to shew my loue
On your liues safety:
Timo. My loue and life are thine: speake openly,
What brest could be so cruelly ambitious?
Whose honor or whose fortunes could my life
Ecclipse or darken?
Mul: First madame you must sweare,
By life, by loue, and by that happinesse
Your soule assures you in the faith you hold
With me, this night to prosecute reuenge
On your liues enemy.
Timo. By life, by loue and by that happinesse,
My soule assures me in the faith I hold,
By that which binds me more——by this *kisse him.*
I sweare this night to prosecute reuenge
On my liues enemie.
Mul Enough: thy resolution like a fire,
Makes my warme blood boyle: *Borgias.*
Timo. My husband.
Mul. Your husband: start not Lady,
T'was he that by a promise of your daughter
The fairest *Amada* to me for wife
Made my tongue say, that I would poyson you:
Silence deere Lady: choke all passion,
And feminine complaints in thoughts of vengance.

Forget you are a woman: and be like your wrongs
Full swolne with death: let your inuentiue braines
Carry more fate in their conception,
Then *Hecubas* wombe to Troy: my plots are yours,
Are you reuengefull?

Timo. As full as Iealousie: or the wife of *Iason*
Rob'd by the faire Corinthian of her loue.

Mul. Then thus we seale our resolution——— *kisse*
Thus I ascend, and from proud Fortunes wheele,
Pull my owne fate: forgiuenes *Mahomet*
My hopes make me prophane; and my proud thoughts
Vsurpe aboue thy greatnesse: Apprehension?
Thou that giuest foode vnto the soule of man,
The best companion to relieue the minde,
What sweete suggestions of my future blisse
Haue I from thee? O I am transported
Beyond the power of reason: the present time
Craues a more sober temper. Madam this disguise
Must carry you vnknowne vnto my chamber
Where we haue much to do: release your thoughts,
Giue freedome to those faculties of nature,
That made your sexe first dare to reach at pleasure.
Be proud and lustfull, let ambition sway
The power of action in you: murder and blood
Are the two pillars of a States-mans good. *Exeunt.*

Scena 2.

Borgias solus.

Borg. A A Pollititian Proteus-like must alter
His face and habit, and like water seeme
Of the same colour that the vessell is
That doth containe it, varying his forme
With the Cameleon at each obiects change,
Twice like a Serpent haue I cast my skin,

Once

Once when with mourning sighs I wept for *Iulia*,
And made the two Dukes weepe for *Iulia*,
That coat is cast: now like an Amorist,
I come in louing tearmes to court my *Iulia*,
And seeme a louer: but of all shapes
This fits me worst: whose constellation
Stampt in my rugged brow the signes of death,
Enuy and ruine; strong Antipathyes
Gainst loue and pleasure: yet must my tongue
with passionate oathes and protestations,
With sighes, smooth glances, and officious tearmes,
Spread artificiall mists before the eies
Of credulous simplicity: he that will be high,
Must be a Parasite, to fawne and lye.

Enter Amada.

Amada.

Ama. Your pleasure.

Borg. How stand your thoughts affected to the marriage
I lately did acquaint you with, are you resolu'd?

Ama. I am: Rather to dye then liue to see that houre *aside.*

Borg. I would see *Iulia*, pray her company?

Ama. I will. *Exit Amada.*

Enter Mulleasses.

Borg. Your presence is most welcome:

Mull. What businesse of import?

Borg. Nought for the instant but a wooing sceane,
Prepare your wit my Lord to fight with words.
The Champions straight approch, but two to two.

Enter Iulia and Amada.

Borgias courts Iulia, and Mulleasses Amada, glancing his eye on Iulia.

Mull. My lou'd deere Lady.
Borg, Beauteous Madam.
Mull. Faire as the morning:
Borg. Be as thy beauty seemes, propitious, louing:
Mull. Attractiue Sunshine: all affections mouing.
Borg. More then a subiect, and more humbly bent.
Iul. How supple seemes ambition? Vncle y'ar too low:
Mull. Deuinest faire to whome all hearts should bow.
Amm. Fit attributes for heauen: my Lord, my feature
Is but earthmould, the weake frame of nature.
Mull. Yet grac't with heauenly vertue, it seemes deuine
Borg. I know your lights aboue me, yet let it shine
Like the daies beauty on the lowly plaines.
Iuli. Subiects are no fit loues for Soueraignes.
Borg. High comets from the earth draw vp then nurture.
Iul. Yet from the Sunne true starres haue all their lustre.
Mull. True starre on earth:
Amm. You flatter, pray forbeare.
Borg. Loue Madam is importunate, you must heare:
Your niceneſſe makes me be abrupt: I loue
And must enioy you.
Mull. Hell to my loue: *Borgias* I'le preuent you.
Iul. I must be plaine: loue you me my Lord?
Borg. I by that power that made me.
Iuli. Restore then that, that you haue robd me of,
My honor and my life: for I am dead,
So thought of in the world: giue me what I am:
Returne the title due vnto my birth
Dutcheſſe of Florence, and thy Soueraigne.

Make

Make me as free as I was borne, and giue my loue
The liberty of nature: then shall I beleeue
And thinke you loue me.

Borg. I will restore your Honors and your life,
I will returne the duties of your birth:
Dutchesse of Florence and my Soueraigne,
The Soueraigne of my heart: and kneele to you,
And make my thoughts as humble as my knees:
See: I am not ambitious, tis not a crowne
The gorgeous title of a Soueraigne,
Makes me so euil in your thoughts: the poize of loue
Whome some terme light, and giues him wings
To soare aloft in me is but the same
And makes me stoope thus low to *Iulia*.

Iuli. Vncle I am asham'd that any bloud of mine
Should harbor such an incest: you haue an easier way
To gaine what you desire: make good the fame
The world is now possest of: murther me,
Then are you heire to Florence: tis not halfe so ill,
As this incestuous mixture you so plead for,
Gainst nature and the law of heauen: but on,
Vse your vsurped power, be still a villaine:
My life is the vtmost, and you may commaund it,
But my bloods vessell giuen vnto my soule,
As a pure mansion to inhabit in
Shall while I am and breath, be vnprophan'd.
Ile be more chast then *Lucrece*, dye vnstaind.

Mull. You are a woman Lady, and wil change:
The Protector's at a nonsuit in his loue,
How now my Lord?

Borg. Thus crost by superstitious obstinacy,
Ile vse the power I haue, and make——How thriues your sute?

Mull. Vnthriftily like yours: we are no Venus darlings,
No delight for women: she cannot loue.

Borg. She cannot loue? your reason Lady
Is your blood holy? are you a sanctuary

That none may violate. What ease of conscience
Keepes you vnprophand? know that religion
Bindes your obedience minion to my will.
Loue him or Ile hate thee.

Ama. I tender vp the duty of a childe
And yeeld a fathers high prerogatiue
Ore what I am: yet for that affection
That you would haue me captiue in his breast,
Know it is prisoner at so deere a rate,
As all my strength can no way ransome it.

Borg. Ile vse no rhetorique Lady to your eares:
But heare what I commaund, and do my will,
Or thou shalt heare what will displease thy will.

Mull. Be these the precepts Christians giue their children?

Borg. But Madam for your loue.

Mull. I would forsake a God.

Borg. A more soft style beseemes a subiects tongue,
Ile be no higher then my selfe: and not commaun'd
Whats in my power. Will you resigne your loue?

Iul. I to that God that thou hast so prophand,
Detested Atheist.

Borg. Be religious Madam still and raile not,
Thinke of my honest sute: and thinke what power
This hand doth gripe: we are troublesome
And leaue you to your thoughts: these fits must end,
Trees are as easie broke that will not bend.

Exeunt at seuerall dores.

Scena. 3.

Eunuchus solus.

Eunu. THis is the houre I should meet my *catamite* Signior *Bordello*: I cannot but laugh to see the slaue make a lecherous progresse to Lucifer. The morall will hold rarely: he shall haue his braines fly about his eares in the hight of his venery: this instead of going to *Tymoclea* shall conduct him to the

bed

bed of *Borgias*; amidst whose waking plotts & state volutiõs, the amorous youth must needs be hartyly welcome: for mine owne part, my hand shall be cleere from the blood of the goate: & yet I could account it happinesse to be within eare shot of his departure, to here how lamentably the coxcombe would sigh out *Tymoclea*: but the best is, neither Court nor country wil much misse the foole: there are elder brothers inough to supply his roome:

Enter Bordella.

And see where the Cocoloch appeares: he passeth as if he would steale to hell without company: whilst Signeor.

Bord. Eunuchus?

Eunu. The same: now I see thou wilt stand to thy word.

Bord. Thy Ladie shall see that in my deeds *Eunuchus* if all the sweet meates in Florence be prouocatiue.

Eun. I Sir, but Ladyes are of the nature of Idols and will be serued on your knees.

Bord. True, were I not a man of warre whose vallour & magnanimious courage is not to be deiected so long as his weapon holds.

Eunu. Then I perceiue you will shortly be at my Ladies mercy

Bord. If I should, doubt not her gratious hand in my erections: but gentle *Eunuchus*, the key that opens to the *Via lactea*:

Eunu. Heere Sir, and looke your entrance be warie, soft and circumspect.

Bord. I had thought an entrance rough, manly and boistrous had bene more pleasing to Ladyes:

Enter Madam Fulsome.

But see *Eunuchus* I shall be troubled I shall be tormented with this court owle if you assist me not: sfoote the flesh-fly hath espied me, she will neuer linne sucking at me so long as I haue any matter for her to worke vpon.

Eun. Who, Madam *Fulsome* the *Gouernesse* of the maides? she is a good creature and very musicall: she sets more instruments a-worke then a Fidler: thou must needs loue her if it were

but for her humilitie: she will bend her selfe to the meaneſt page of the Scullery: and she hates the pride of the flesh excedingly, and is knowne to be a mortifier of carnality.

Bord. I verily beleue it, for her very countenance and complexion shewes she is able to allay any mans courage liuing with a breath.

Enter two Ladyes and Phego a Gentleman Vsher.

Fulsom. *Phego* doe you espie no motions behind the arras, no squals, mufflings, or pages standing sentinell? or because our head the Lady *Iulia* is dead, are al her seruants that is her members in the same predicament?

Phego. Surely I see no body stirring Lady: it is supper time and euery man is prouiding for the belly.

Ful. It will be shortly time for euery woman to prouide for the belly too, *Phego* a word with you.

Bord. What is that *Phego Eunuchus*, doe you know him?

Eunu. How, know him, can I mistake him sir, that is neuer hoodwinckt? he is an extreme enemy to Haberdashers: affecting no blocke, but that which nature bestowed on him: and of that he hath bene so curious that it is not a haire amisse: he is sir the preface to your compound dresse of mans flesh, and Vshers her to employment: and is a creature of singular patience; contenting himselfe with the Theory, when others are the Practique. In his pace he imitates Fensers, and stands much vpon distance: He is partly an Astronomer too, being much giuen to obseruation of signes: for when the Sunne is in *Gemini* the Dog-starre attends without doores: he is a great friend to *Aries* but naturally hates *Pisces* for it is a chill signe and cooles his toes ouer-vehemently: in briefe sir he is a Gentleman Vsher.

Phego salutes Bordello.

Ful. Sure *Phego* that should be signior *Bordello*: I pray you intreate his approach: of all our Courtiers I loue men of his country and breeding, they are the louingst, best spoken, well gract

creatures

creatures in these parts extant: I thinke it be giuen to those that be borne vnder your northren clyme, to thaw and melt away at the Sun-shine of beauty: you shall read in very late stories that many of them haue lost their best members in the seruice of Ladyes and distressed wayting Gentlewomen.

Bord. I should account it none of my neerest mishaps, being interdicted so worthy a presence by more then vrgent affaires. Sweet Sir beare my excuse with all respectiue desire of pardon.

Ful. Whether Signior *Bordello* in such post-hast: you forget your old friends: when you came first to Court, you and I were more inward man.

Bord. Being vpon my departure Lady, I am inforced to see to the conuaying of my goods, and the trussing away of my bagage.

Ful. And that word bagage (I will beswome) had bene an apt phrase for his bringing in, but you purpose not I hope signior to depart Florence altogether.

Eun. Oh no: his flight Lady is like the Rauens, that hauing spied a fat carckase, romes about to cal more of her fellowes to the prey.

Ful. But signior, haue you so fully furnished your discourse with obseruation, as with so slight a view of our Gentlewomen to make a departure? indeed signiour the Ladyes of your country will exact some obseruatiue relate of your trauels vpon your returne.

Bord. For our Ladyes Madam they are few or none, our countrey men are not so addicted to titles of honour: they vse knighthood as rich Iewellers desire Iemms rather for traficque then ornament.

Phego. Is there any commoditie to be had in the purchase sir?

Bord. Great Commoditie, and that is the reason so many marchants and yeomen sonnes hunt after it.

Ful. Belike this is one of your obseruations: pray sir be more open: I see you haue profited much since your comming.

Bord. For the bettring of mine inward parts, some few notions I haue committed to memory.

Eunu. Impart them *Signior*: it may be I shall add to your store: these Ladyes will not discouer vs for intelligencers: they are naturally giuen to the concealement of priuate actions.

Bord. Since my comming to Florence I haue seene ignorance in the shape of a Citizen mufled in the scarlet of magistracy that could not write his owne name. Generally I haue noted through the whole Country great enmity betweene witt and clokes lin'd through with velüet: and yet beggers & gallants agree together very familiarly. There is no thriuing but by impudence and pandarisme: he that is furnished with one of these two qualities shal begg more of a foolish Lord at a manbone breakfast, then all the Poets in the whole towne shall rime out of him in an age:

Eun. But these are but petty obseruations: I haue seene since my comming to Florence the sonne of a Pedler mounted on a foote cloth: a fellow created a Lord for the smoothnesse of his chinne: and which is more; I haue seene a capp most myraculously turnd into a beauer hatt without either trimming or dressing.

Ful. That is strange indeed: *Signior* and *Eunuchus*, we are to presse you to a further curtesy in meeting vs in the lobby some two houres hence at a posset.

Bord. You shall finde vs as forward in as hot a seruice in the Lobby or elsewhere at your Ladiships appoint, but ——

Ful. We must haue no denyall.

Eunu. Canst not say the Court-grace? promise man promise.

Bord. Your Ladiship shall finde vs ready to put in —— our spoones.

Ful. Till then adiew Signior and *Eunuchus*. *Phego* forward.

Phe. So long as my ham-strings hold. *Exeunt.*

Bord. You see *Eunuchus*, familliarity and curtesie hath enwrapt me in the knowledge of these meanest vasels of honour: but henceforth my countenance shalbe estranged, and I wil bury my acquaintance in scilence.

Eunu. I thinke the Cuckoe foresings his owne dirdge: Signior, you shall neede no further prescriptions: in the carriere of your delight, vouchsafe a thought of *Eunchus*, you conceiue me

Sir,

Sir, manifest my seruice to *Timoclea*.

Bord. I were inhumaine if I should forget you the latest minute of my life: pray heauens my Page *Pantofle* haue procured in my absence the embrodered shirt I gaue directions for vpon both our wardrops: that care once ouer, I shal neuer henceforth taste of lowsie misfortune.

Venus supplying what *Bordello* most lackes,
Courtiers and Porters liue by able backes. *Exeunt*

Scena. 4.

Enter 4. Tapers borne by 2. Pages, Borgias, Venice, Florence, Mulleasses, Prusias, Philenzo.

Borg. THus our presumption hath prolonged your stay
At a cheape banquet: did not the rites of loue
Exact your presence as a debt to *Iulia*,
Our boldnesse might haue wanted an excuse
Thus to detaine you.

Ferr. You are too full of ceremony my Lord,
Knowing your welcome prodigall, and full of state,
And such as fits our mournefull accidents.

Ven. The better part of loue due to the liuing,
Appeares in friends euen when their friends are dead,
And thinke my Lord Protector that our loue,
For which we came in armes against your walles,
Would not be wanting in one ceremony
Due vnto *Iulia* at her obsequy.
Is *Prusias* returned from our Campe?

Pru. I my gratious Lord.

Ven. Doth our Liefetenant keep a careful watch
Are Sentinels set out?

Prus. They are and it like your grace.

Ferr. Where is *Philenzo*?

Phil. Heere my Soueraigne.

Ferr. Are all in safety at our Campe?

Phil. Safe and in quiet.
Ferr. The night is old,
And drowsie sleepe hangs heauy on our eies:
Conduct vs to our rest.
Borg. Neuer till now was *Borgias* fully blest:
To lodge two mighty Princes in one night
Vnder his roofe: where my sonnes sonne may say,
Heere mighty *Venice* and *Ferrara* lay.
My Lord these Tapers lead you to your chamber,
These great *Ferrara* vnto yours.
Ven. Rest to you all. *Exit.*
Ferr. Good night and sleepe vnto your sorrowes. *Exit.*
Borg. Sweete quiet be a guard vuto you both,
So may you sleepe for euer. *Eunuchus*:
Remoue with our attendance from our eares.
Exeunt all but Mulleasses.
Now my hearts treasurer: what now remaines?
My resolution holds to murder them,
And with that force the towne may now affoord,
Practise some suddaine stratagem on their powers.
Mull. That were too violent: things done for state,
Must carry forme, and with an outward glosse,
Varnish and couer what would else seeme grosse,
Should they be murdered in their beds, or die,
Hauing your promise for their guard: th'offence
Could haue no safety but in violence.
No let them sleepe secure, and this nights safety
Will make them feareles, easie to be trapt
In a more cûnning net.
To morrowe at a banquet they shall drinke
A drugge, whose working in their breast shall sleepe
Twice fifteene daies, vntill their absence hence
May giue you colour from suspition.
But then dissoluing like a fier that's hid,
Spreading a burning poyson through the blood,
It scalds the heart, and through the body runs:

Turnes

Turnes to a hot quotidian and, doth leese
Although of poison in a mad desease:
So dying, no impute can touch your name:
Things are vndone that are vnspoke by fame.
Borg. My fortunes on thy councell noble Turke.
We'le clime together: my daughters heddy will
Shall stoope vnto thy pleasure: as for *Iulias* loue
She must or yeeld or dye: he that is wise,
Will tread on any that may make him rise. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus 3

Enter Timoclea like a Ghost.

Timo. BLush not thou chast and modest Queene of night,
Nor hide thy siluer crescent in a clowde,
To see me thus *Rhamnusia* like attir'd:
Stare on ye *Argus* eyed heauens and se a woman
More full of vengeance, then your iealous Queene.
Medusa sometime the loue of *Neptune*,
(But after for thy lust transformd a monster)
Lend me those serpents that about thy head
Curle vp like Elfe-knots, at whose horrid sight
The Sun may vanish or stand still affright.
Or you you Furies ministers of feare,
(That at *Astreas* feet lye bound in snakes
Attending her iust sentence to begin
Terror of conscience in the brest of sin)
This night be powerfull in me and inspire
My face with feare, my heart with rancke-swolne ire.
Venice, Venice, great Venice:
Ven. Who speakes to Venice? *within.*
Timo. Iulia thy loue.
Ven. Delusiue voyce, why dost renew my griefe
By naming *Iulia*?

Timo. Didst thou loue *Iulia*?
Ven. Thou wrongst me to make question of my loue.
Whatsoere thou art.

Enter Venice.

Timo: Then see thy *Iulia* and reuenge her wrongs.
Ven. Dissolue ye glassy pearles and melt in drops,
Or with the teare-spent mother *Niobe*
Turne into stones: shall I beleue my thoughts,
And credit what thy shape presents to me?
Thou art the Ghost of murdred *Iulia*.
Timo. I am.
Ven. Immortall essence Virgin-element
So may I tearme thy ayry substance freed
From the grosse mixture of our earthly load:
Oh I am thronged with passions & each crauing vent
None can haue passage till some teares be spent,
Fall fall ye siluer pearles, and of the earth
Purchase a soft relenting at my griefes.
Shoure downe like rainie drops, and pearce the stones
Make them receiue my sorrowes, or from mine eyes
Run like to christall riuers through the world,
Slyde ore the flowry medowes that the Nimphs
Dancing in feary rings vpon the grasse,
May leaue their sport, and weepe to see you passe,
Where by the dolefull murmur as you goe,
The hils may here you mourne and sound my woe,
Pardon: if I be tedious virgin spirit,
Or if my griefe be too effeminate:
Thy habit is an Index to reuenge,
Which thy wrongs seeme to pleade for of my loue,
Speake them, or deale them through the yeelding aire
Into my eares, and they shall be to me
Like the sterne drumme, or musique of the warre
Vnto the coward, or the fainting souldiour.

Timo. Venice I was murdered.

Ven. Murder is open mouthd, and as the Sea
Whose couetous waues in prisond by thy land,
Bellow for griefe and roare vpon the sand.
So from the earth it cries, and like a childe
Wrongd by his careleſse nurſe will not be ſtilld:
Are ye then deafe yea gods, ye cannot heare it?
Or is iuſt Libra falne out of your Spheares,
That wronged States muſt to the earth appeale
For iuſtice and reuenge. Then tis not prophane
T'uſurpe your functions: my hand ſhall be as iuſt
As my ſoule louing: and they both ſhall leaue
A ſtory to the world of my reuenge.
Nor in ſucceeding times ſhall be forgot.
Venice reuengd thoſe wrongs the heauens would not.
I interrupt what that wouldſt ſay, and ſeeme
To crowne all vengeance in a paſſion.
Speake but his name.

Timo. My vncle *Borgias.*

Ven. Enough.
O that the genious that attends on man,
Should be a doubtfull Oracle to the ſoule
And whiſpering to our intellect what fate
Hangs like a falling tower vpon his ſtate,
Yet be no more of force to length our ioy;
Then were *Caſſandras* prophecies to Troy.
Diſloy all trecherous villaine *Borgias,*
Some *Hydras* poyſon, or the blood of *Neſſus*
Cleaue to thy fleſh:
Oh my blood ſwells beyond my power: my voyce
Louder then his that thunders through the cloudes,
Shall ſpeake this monſtrous murder to the world,
Ile be thy Orator wrongd ſpirit and plead
Blood and reuenge for thee though thou beſt dead.

Timo. Stay.

Ven: What wouldſt thou more?

Timo. Heare and be aduisde:
To morrow when the Senate sits be there,
And in the eares of the whole state proclaime,
And iustifie my words gainst *Borgias*:
In this alone I will great *Venice* proue,
Do it as euer thou didst *Iulia* loue.

Ven. I will.

Timo. Whilst I borne vpon aire attend my blisse.

Ven. Peace to thy soule: Adieu. *Exit*.

Timo. Remember *Iulia*.
Yet prosper and go on, for *Iulias* ghost
My false shape takes: th'abused Duke's afire,
Through *Borgias* blood I'le runne to my desire.

Enter Bordello solus.

Whome haue we heere?

Bord. *Priapus* thou womans God assist me with a louiall ability: this night I may beget a *Hercules*: Fortune I must confesse thou hast turnd vp thy muffler, and cast a gratious aspect on *Bordello*: for I am not onely in the state of cleane linnen; but also thou hast made me gratious in the eye of Signior *Diaspermaton* my Apothecary, who hath furnished me with this receipt: heere is a compound of *Cantharides Diosterion*, marrow of an Oxe, haires of a Lyon, stones of a Goate, Cock-sparrowes braines, and such like this after an houres receipt, hath a fourefold operation: and least I should be like a Peacocke all taile and no heart, heere is a distillation of ten pound a pinte, that comforts the inward, fires the braines, cheeres vp the spirit, and makes a man lay about him like a dutchman. Let me see, it is more then time that I commit this deuine pill to his hopefull working: least my staffe be out of the rest when my aduersary is in the carriere. So *Cupids* faire mother be thy midwife: out and alas I am mare rid, what Somners Ghost or limme of Lucifer, puts poore *Bordello* in minde of pennance before he hath trespassed?

Timo. I am espied: his feare doth apprehend me for a ghost, And I must feed it.

Bord. Se, it makes toward me: infortunate *Bordello* that the deuill should be an enemy to lechery.

Scæna. 2.

Enter Madame Fulsome, Eunuchus and Phego.

Ful. Come let vs set to our businesse, *Phego*, Lend vs your wind to coole this posset.

Phego. It is not the first time I haue bene constrained to puffe and blow in your Ladiships seruice.

Ful. It hath oft come in my minde to knowe the deriuation and denomination of this word posset?

Eunu. I take it that it comes of the Latin word *posse* to make a man able: and that's the reason euer after eating them, men desire to make experience of their forces.

Phego. I rather conceaue it comes of the word *pono* of putting together, for that your possets are the vsuall meanes of congregating, putting and combining your Court creatures together.

Eunu. And that may well be: for I remember that reuerent pedagoge *William Lilly*, brings in *gigno*, *pono*, *cano*, one in the necke of another, *gigno* to beget, *pono* to put in, and *cano* to sing.

Ful. That *Lilly* was a beastly knaue to put *pono* behind *gigno* there is no musique in it: but all this time we misse not Signior *Bordello*, it hath not be his custome to be absent where his chops might haue had imployment.

Eunu. You speake of the dayes of hunger, when the slaue was a straunger in the land of *Hanilab*: but the word is retrograde: the last age is a golden age with him.

Ful. Se

Enter Bordella.

Fulf. See where the sonne of Saturne appeares.

Enn. Sfoot I thought the Dog-fish had bene bayting *Cerberus* ere this time.

Bord. Ladies did you not see a spirit passe this way?

Ennu. Thou seest we are feeding the flesh man, what doost thou talke of the spirit?

Bord. Without iest a meere Ghost, standing bolt vpright at *Timocleas* chamber, so nye Court Incubus on my life.

Fulf. Were you not much terrified Signior with the apparition?

Bord. How: terrefied? I no sooner beheld it, but drawing my better parts together *Enter Timoclea.*
Helpe, helpe! *All run out, Timoclea followes the Eunuch out.*

Scena 3.

Enter Ferrara solus.

Ferr. FEare and suspition, two night-waking charmes,
Banish all sleepe, suggesting in my thoughts,
Falsehood and treason: I am slow and dull,
Discending like the earth: yet I know not what
Prickes like the thorne of *Philomel* at my breasts
And tels me there is daunger in my rest.
Sometime I thinke of *Iulia*; and that thought
Presents her loues in a liuing shape.
When not remembring death, I ope my armes,
To tye a Gordian knot about her waste
And bid her welcome: but that empty claspe,
Deluding my false hopes with nought but ayre,
Makes my blood angry, and doth turne my passion
To seeke a subiect fit for my reuenge:
And then I euer thinke of *Borgias*,

As

As if my loue were wrongd by *Borgias*, *A groning within.*
What meanes these ſuddaine tumults in mine eares?
Saue me eternall guard of innocence:
Treaſon, treaſon, villaine thou ſhalt buy my blood.

Eunuchus ruſheth in: he kils him:
Enter Timoclea.

Eun. O ſpare me.
Fer. Diſtraction of my braine, what ſhape art thou?
Timo. *Iulias* *Exit.*
Ferr. *Iulia*: hah: ſtay tis gone: did I ſee?
Or did my feare and fancy frame this forme?
Villaine thou art ſome inſtrument of falſhood
Confeſſe thy treaſon.
Eun. You are ſecure: that ſhape that nam'd your loue
Purſued me through the court, till for my reſcue
Feare made me vſe this violence at your chamber.
O I am ſlaine, and dye a cauſeles death,
I nere liud falſe to thee: all thou haſt gaind
Is that my ſoule dyes cleare and leaues thine ſtaind. *He dyes.*
Ferr. To doe thee good my ſoule ſhall ſay as much
And witnes it before the Iudge of ſoules,
When at the generall Barre we meete together.
But I muſt vſe thy ſhape: this night Ile walke
Hid in thy habit from diſcerning eyes:
Ile pry about the Court, perhaps I may
Once more ſee *Iulias* ghoſt, and learne her wrongs,
By them to ayme aright in my reuenge.
My hand firſt dyes the ſcene: and it ſhall fill
The ſtage with vengeance: *Nemeſis* ſhall wade
Vp to the chin and bath herſelfe in blood,
The dangling ſnakes that hang about her necke
Shall ſucke like *Lethe* of the purple gore
Shed for my *Iulias* death.
Ile feaſt the rauenous people of the aire,

And fill the hungrie wolues with slaughtered men.
The streets of Florence like the streets of Rome
(When death & *Sylla* raingd) shall run with blood.
Their swelling channels with a scarlet tide
Shall wash the stones, and for my *Iulias* death
The angry gods of wrath shall smile as pleasd
To see me so reuengd: *Eunuchus*, thy death
Is but a prologue to induce a plot,
Maist thou be blessed, th'art not worth my hate
I must reach higher, and on thy disguise,
Lay but the ground-worke for reuenge to rise. *Exit.*

Scæna 4.

Enter Mulleasses solus.

Mull. BE pleas'd ye powers of might, and bout me skip
Your anticke measures: like to cole black moores,
Dauncing their high Lauoltos to the Sun
Circle me round: and in the midst Ile stand,
And cracke my sides with laughter at your sports.
Oh my hopes fatte me: nor shall time grow old,
Or weary with attending my successe.
One night shall crowne me happy: *Borgias* wife
Appeares vnto the Dukes for *Iulias* ghost,
To breed suspition in them of her murder,
So that if *Borgias* chaunce suruiue this night
(As he must dye if all my plots hits right)
The Dukes to morrow when the Senate sits
May proue what ile affirme against his life.
Nor to redeeme his safety shall he bring
The Lady to disproue what we auerre.
Here will I cease, and in some straunge disguise
Keepe till my growing faction be of force
To second my ambition for the crowne.
If I plot well faire *Amada* must dye,

And

And by her mothers hand: ſhe muſt not liue
To ſpeake her fathers wrongs. *Timoclea*
Thou, thou art next: I tooke thee from thy graue
Not for the loue I bore *Timoclea*,
But to ſucke from thy vſe the ſweets of loue
I bore to *Iulia*: twas loue and ſtate.
Gaue thee this time of life to ſtrengthen my fate:
But blabbe not: ſcilence tongue: ſhe comes.

Enter Timoclea.

Timo. My Lord, what, drownd in contemplation?
Mulleaſſes: loue.
Mull. Heauenly creation, beauties abſtract, natures wonder.
Timo. What meanes my Lord? awake, *Timoclea* ſpeakes.
Mul. I muſt inioy thee *Amada*: ſtrong force of paſſion.
Timo. Ha: *Amada*: deareſt Lord: your ſence
And know me.
Mul. Ha *Timoclea*: thy loue and pardon, I was oreborne,
And carried from my ſelfe with idle thoughts
Of what ſad melancholly ſuggeſted in me:
What comfort bringſt thou? hath thy dead ſhape
Bene powerfull vnto feare? ſtood they amazd?
Their eyes like fiered ſtarres ſet on thy face:
Their ſpeeche abrupt and ſhort: their haire vpright?
Stiffe like the quils of Porcupines? art bleſt?
Timo. I am: if what you ſpeak may make me bleſt.
Mul. It makes vs happy: giues our hope true life.
Timo. Neither my life nor hope to be ſo bleſt
Makes me ſo happy as thy loue deare Turke,
Were I a *Venus* thou ſhouldſt be my *Mars*,
And I would court thee euen in *Phebus* ſight,
Although it mou'd an enuy in the gods.
Be *Ionial*: & like *Salmecis*, thy loue
Shall cling about thy necke.
Mull. I am not ſportfull:

Timo. Ile dance before thee like a faiery Nimph,
And with my pleasing motions make thee sport:
Ile court thee nak'd, as did the Queene of thoughts
Her sullen boy, and all to make thee sport.
Mull You are not pleasing.
Timo. Not pleasing gentle Turke?
Time hath not set the caracters of age
On my smooth browe: my pulses beate as high,
As when my first youth lifted vp my blood,
I buy no beauty: nor hath nature bene
A niggard in my face: I am yet yong
Fresh and delightsome, as the checkerd spring,
The Lilly and the Rose growe in my cheekes,
And make a bed for loue to rest him on.
Mul. But I am restles.
Timo. Rest thee on my brest.
Mul. No I must pilgrime to a loue deuine.
Timo. Loue me and vnto loue Ile build a shrine
And on an Altar offer to our loues,
The thighs of Sparrowes and of Turtle Doues.
Mull. You are importunate.
Timo. Yeeld then and I haue done.
Mul. No more:
Faire *Amada's* the saint that I adore. *Exit.*
Timo. *Amada*: minyon is it you?
Makes me thus sue vnheard? my daughter *Amada*
Haue I in my bosome nurst a snake:
No fierce-streamd torrent, nor no storme at Sea,
No stepdame is halte so raging: my blood was not so strong,
When thou wert got: now tis like the Sea,
My soule a Barke that runnes with wind and tyde
And cannot stop: the Anchor of my thoughts
(Reason) is lost, and like the vine-gods priests
Running downe Nisa or from *Pindus* top,
I am vnstaid and doubtfull in my course.

O the

O the strong power of sence: I must do that
Which all succeeding times to come shall speake
Yet not beleeue; all say twas done, yet none
Say twas well done. Loue is a God,
Strong, free, vnbounded, and as some define,
Feares nothing, pittieth none: such loue is mine. *Exit.*

Finis Actus 3.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter Iulia and Amada.

Iuli. O Had our soules no deeper sence then flesh,
Were they like waxen pictures formable:
Obsequiously to take impression
From euery rude hand, and be like this will,
That wils vs vnto some deformity,
I should not *Amada* complaine of wrong
But make religion of my forc'd restraint:
I then should sleepe and pray: and on my beades
Number deuotion: my enuironed spirit
Should not thus swell beyond my present freedome:
Whisper my wrongs, and prompt my weaker powers
To prone impatience
Ama. Madam I am yours.
Let not the name of daughter vnto him
That hath confinde your hope, be preiudice
To those affections I beare your state:
Ile proue 'gainst reason and receiued truth,
Like breedes not like, in breeding euery thing:
Cleere streames may flowe euen from a troubled spring.
Iuli. I am no infidel to thy position,
Sad thoughts oppresse me: may I haue no musique?
Ama. Yes Madam.

Iuli. Some say that when the Thracian entred hell,
The tortur'd soules enchanted with his tunes,
Felt not their torments: *Sysiphus* sate downe,
Ixions wheele stood still: the thirsty sonne of *Ione*,
Forgat to drinke, and all the rest did stand
Catching the aire from his delicious hands:
I would I might partake their happines.

Ama. Madam you shall: giue your eares a while,
And you shall heare such musicke as would make
The greedy wolfe forsake the tender lamb,
And listen to it: such as the sonne of *Neptune*
Playd to the Dolphins: when they in a ring
Danct their crookt measures but to heare him sing. *A song.*
Madam how fare you now?

Iuli. Euen as the labouring dayman after sleepe.

Enter Timoclea like a Ghost.

Refresht and cherisht: ha but *Amada.*

Amad. Some better *Genius* assist my feare.

Iuli. What would it *Amada*, it beckens to thee?

Ama. My mothers troubled spirit: O defend me heauens.

Timo. Away: *Amada.*

Iuli. It commaunds my absence.

Ama. O for heauens sake stay.

Timo. Away.

Iul. Something it would vnfold to thee: I goe. *Exit Iulia.*

Timo. Conteine thy feare, I liue.

Ama. Such terror liues not in a liuing eye,
Death is not sharper then those pointed beames
That pierce vnto my heart.

Timo. Would they were ponyards digging at thy breast.
Keepe in thy short-drawne accents: let not th'ayre
Carry the softest clamour to the eare
Of waking Ielousie: if it do———
How Lust and Nature do deuide my soule?

The one doth plead prescription in my blood,
And sues as plaintiue with such clamorous spels,
As might coniure the violent rape of Lust
To modest continence: O but it is a vice
Sooner condemnd then banisht: easily spoke against
But yet t'will fawne as smoothly on our flesh,
As *Circe* on the Grecian trauellours,
When she detaind them in the shape of beasts.
Amada knowest thou my face?
Ama. I knew that outward Character of her
That sometimes I cald mother.
Tym. Dost thinke I haue no life?
Seest not my blood in a continuall pulse
Beat through the azure conduits of my flesh?
Feele how I burne: what star'st thou on me?
Am I transparant? canst see from my heart
Death in the shape of iealousie: stand
Like a chiefe organ guiding all my frame,
Vnto some tragicke action?
Ama. O giue my sence some freedome
From feare and terror, that I may distinguish
Betwixt the credulous rumour of your death,
And what I see.
Tym. I liue, the time befits not inquisition
Of tedious circumstance: *Amada* I liue:
But thou must dye, and by thy mothers hand.
Ama. O be not a *Medea*.
Tym. Why like *Creusa* hast thou stolne my *Iason*?
My *Mulleasses* he dotes vpon thee:
I am debard his breast,
Robd of his loue by thy alluring lookes.
Sad discontent wound in his folded armes,
Sighs nought but *Amada*: but by my better hopes
My blood shall like *Meduſas* first turne to serpents
And taint thy flesh, ere it shall loose that fire
Which makes it boyle and burne in his desire.

Ama. Deforme my beauty, fill my face with scarres,
Make me more loathsome then a dead mans scull:
Wash me with spiders blood, that I may swell,
And be more vgly then a Gorgons head,
That he may feare to see me: onely let me liue,
And spare me that that onely you did giue.

Timo. My pleasure gaue thee life, and it resumes
That life againe, because it kils my pleasure:
Th'art like an Iuy nourisht at the roote
Of some proud oake; that not content to creepe
And feede vpon the sap, but stretching vp,
Proudly presumst to ouerlooke the top:
So that the verdure of the ambitious impe,
Detaines all admiration: the Oake wants grace,
Onely because the Iuy is in place.

Enter Mulleasses.

But Ile displant thee for no weede shall grow
So neere the roote from whence my sap doth flow.

she kils her.

Ama. Cruell vnnaturall: heauen my hopes in thee
If virgin pureneſſe please, accept of me. *monster*

Mul. What, do you Christians sacrifice with flesh?
Or like the *Laodiceans* vnto *Pallas*, offer
The blood of virgins? O inhumane deed,
Vngentle monster, beauteous *Amada!*

Timo. It was her beauty that I offerd vp
Vnto thy loue my deerest *Mulleasses.*

Mul. Worse then a Cammel in her time of lust,
Cruell vnto thy childe: loose thy snaky armes
O thou hast done

Timo. As *Lucius Catalline*
Romes terror did for *Orestilla*, kild
My childe: no more: for *Mulleasses* loue,
I would outgoe examples, and exceed

As

As in desire, all others so indeed.
Mul. And yet I loue thy cruelty: for this night thou must
Discard the timorous pitty of thy Sexe:
Be a *Semiramis*: let thy husbands death
Giue thy hopes life: feed, feed vpon his blood,
And let thy vaines swell: now he prepares to bed
Be thine owne ghost: and like the apparition
Of his be'eeu'd-dead wife call for reuenge:
Incite his timerous conscience to despaire,
Speake of damnanion: let one word containe
A hell of torments. But time slides.
Timo. I runne. *Exit.*
Mul. Much ere the morning riseth must be done,
Ile beare this body hence: ha ha ha,
O now me thinkes I gin out-reach my selfe,
Now like some huge *Colossus* cold I strut,
And stride that Oke of *Mahomet*: that beares vp
The ponderous center: whose deuided hornes
Measuring the passing of a thousand yeares,
Touch at both Polles, and tosse the massy ball:
Makes mountaines nod and curled Cedars reele
On Syrian Lybanus. But soft me thinkes I heare *within oh oh*
Some mutinous and distracted tumult.

Enter Borgias & Timoclea after him.

Borg. Guard me ye iust and intellectuall powers
Thou triple & eternall essence.
Timo. Borgias.
Borg. What dreadfull summons calls on *Borgias*?
What art thou?
Timo. *Timoclea* thy poysond wife.
Borg. What wouldst thou, Hah.
Timo. Reuenge and horror.
Borg. Terror to my soule: forbeare those lookes.
Timo. Dispaire and vengeance.

Borg. Maist

Borg. Maist thou be peacefull, in my prayers I wish it,
Let them expiate my sinne: if thou be'st a spirit
Blest and celestiall: change that face of feare,
Or leaue th'infectious grosnesse of our aire,
And like an Angell daunce about the Spheres,
Play with the Moone and make the Sun thy glasse,
To see thy beauty as thy beauy passe,
Or if thou be'st———

Timo. A messenger of death.

Borg. Then like a Fury post to Tartarus,
Fetch vp the snackie curld *Eumenides*:
From *Orcus* bottome where reuengefull cares
Griefe, pale diseases, sad and croked age
Are euer resident: let them and their effects
Let fierce *Erennis* with her brazen feet,
Seize me at once, and strike me in my fall,
Lower then him that durst ascend the Sun.
Onely be thou appeasd.

Timo. Not till I meet thee in the shades of death.

Borg. Which thou denyest me: for thy feares keepe in
My trembling soule: it dares not leaue my brest,
Mount to the flaming girdle of the world,
And fetch me lightnings, I will swallow it.
Snatch from the *Cielops* bals of Etnean fire
And I will eate them: steale thunder from the clowds
And dart it at me; quaffe Stigian *Nonocris*
I will pledge thee. (*following him.*

Timo. Ile haunt thee to dispaire. *Exit Borgias, Timoclea*

Mul. Pursue his feare to some effect of death,
Whilst I like starres that spred their sparckling fires
Beyond an vsuall light fore-shewe a tempest
Of the whole state of Florence. *Amedas* remoued
Her neare alliance vnto *Iulias* blood,
Shall not distast my hopes: *Timoclea's* feare
Workes death on *Borgias* vp *Mulleasses*
Sit like *Saturnus* on the highest orbe,

And let starre-gazing wizards from thy feare,
Buzze sad Astrology in the peoples eare.

Enter Borgias and Timoclea aloft.

Borg. What night or what darcke Chaos can conceale
My conscience horror? rather let me see
The feare of *Hercules*: let the Cretian Bull
Bellow and burst my braines: onely may my eares
Be deafe to thy exclaimes.
Timo. Thou art at fartheſt.
Borg. Then I can but fall. *He leapes downe.*
Timo. Like Lucifer from heauen. *discendit Timoclea.*
Mul. Oh now me thinkes a Chorus all of Angells
Clad with the Sun and crownd with golden starres,
Should make more heauenly musique at thy fall
Then all the Spheres that daunce about the ball:
Now should they poetize in verse for ioy,
And out-sing *Homer* in the fall of Troy.
Borg. Villaine triumphst thou?
Mull. O ye strong power of superstitious faith
It reignes on fooles: that men of wit and state,
Men that like Eagles climbe to be aboue,
And shrowd themselues betweene the knees of *Ioue*,
Should be struke downe by apparitions.

Enter Timoclea.

Timo. Delusiue counterfeit.
Borg. Conterfeit!
Timo. I Valentine I liue:
And am the actor of mine owne reuenge.
That cup of poyson made against my life,
Was by my deereſt *Mulleasses* loue
Turnd to a philter: and my working sence,
Charm'd in the scilence of a quiet sleep,

Shewd as if death had lockt my pulses vp,
But posting time brought motion on my blood.
And now my full vaines like a water-brooke,
That slyding gently at some proud hils foot,
In pipes of lead are carryed to the top,
And there in amourous branches spreading forth,
Courtes the curld mountaine thus, thus, and thus: *she kisses him.*

Borg. Lasciuious strumpet.
Timo. My beloued Turke.
Borg. Incestuous *Phedra.*
Timo. Loue *Hipolitus.*
Borg. Cruell *Medea.*
Timo. My kind *Iason.*
Borg. Whirle me ye iust & more auspicious powers,
Amongst the thicke and thunder darting clowdes,
That being wrapt in flames I may be throwne,
Like *Aetnean* bals from heauen and strike you downe:
Or would my dying breath were more infectious
Then halfe rotte bodyes digd vp from their graues,
Or then those mists felt by the soules of men,
When they descend to th' *Acharusian* fenne,
It should not striue within me, or be loth
To leaue my body might blast you both. *He faines to dye.*

Timo. So with thy death the Embrion of my loue
Takes perfect shape. Now like the *Sestian* maide
May I court *Leander* swimming in my armes,
And with our pleasing motions mocke the seas
That rose and fell to wanton with his thighs:
Now ther's no Hellespont betwixt our loues:
I am not iealous: *Agamemnons* dead,
And *Clitemnestra* with *Aegisthus* plaies:
Pleasure is free.

Mul. Come ther's no pleasure in you:
Y'are a lustfull time-spent murderous strumpet,
The prostitution of your knowne *Bordello*,
Where euery itching letcher gets his blood,

Is not so loathsome.

Tim. You speake not like a louer.

Mull. No, for thou hast kild my loue *Amada*:
And now thy husbands blood bids me beware
Of some new lust and third adulterer:
Such is your loue to me.

Timo. Oh stop those killing accents, be more milde
I doe forgiue what you did speake: and aske
But a kinde thought for all my louing taske.
These eies haue seene you smile: looke gently on me,
And let me read some milder characters:

Mull. Hence with thy Serpent twines.

Timo. I am no *Lamia* nor no *Lastrigon*,
No high-prizd *Lais*: that thou shouldst esteeme
Repentance purchasd at too deere a rate:
Kings shall not come to *Corinth* where thou maist,
Not with a common *Epherean* trull,
Purchase a minutes pleasure: but with me,
(As faire but yet more chaste by farre then she)
Spend yeares of sweete content.

Mull. Syren mine eares are stopt I will not heare thee.

Timo. Oh would I had a Syrens charming voice,
I'de vse no incantations but to thy eares,
Or were my tongue like *Orpheus* golden lyre,
To which the widdes were husht and heard it play,
It should be silent but to please thy eares,
Or like the dying swan, would I might sing
A funerall elegy to my parting soule,
So that the musique might but please thy eares:
What should I say?

Mull. Be dumbe and leaue me.

Timo. Not till thou loue, or else of life bereaue me. *Exeunt.*

Borg. Ha,
Are ye gone: all cleere, damnation cease ye,
I, a knowne practisde pollitician,
And thus outreacht: O my shallowe braines.

Fell I so high? would I had fallen from heauen:
So, like a *Phaeton* I had fir'd the world:
Or like a flash of lightning on your heads,
Consumd you for these trickes: I dyed in time,
Like a true coward, counterfeited death,
For feare to die indeed: well then for my life
I am beholding yet vnto my wit:
But for my legges I know not how they stand,
Are my bones stiffe still, not broken?

enter Mulleasses.

Ha?

he fals againe.

Mull. I am at last freed of my lustfull loue,
My hope is yet dispaire will arme her hands
To her owne death, and saue my sword a labour:
If not, tis but the taking backe of what I gaue,
And send her once againe into her graue.
Now for my *Iulia*, she is the maine of all,
Her will I ceaze and keep, vntill the Fleete
Now vnder saile for Florence be ariu'd,
From the grand Signior sent to make me strong,
And get commaund vpon the straights: how soere
T was promist *Borgias* to make strong his part,
Against the Dukes: she being had,
My title's firme for Florence, their claime's bad.
Eunuch.

Enter Ferrara disguisd.

Ferr. Your pleasure.

Mul. See you this body?

Ferr. I doe.

Mul. Conuey it to his bed there let it lye,
The murther I'le transport vpon the Dukes,
Or on some treason by their meanes contriu'd:
See it be done.

Ferr. It

Ferr. It shall.

Mull. Now vnto *Iulia*, on her lies my state,
If she consents: why so: if not I know
Death and commaund makes womens hearts to bow. *Exit*

Ferr. The death of slaues pursue thee. hah *Borgias*,
Protecter: true true; clap clap ye furies,
Daunce your blacke rounds, and with your yron whips,
Fetching eternall lashes as you skip
Strike a loud sounding musicke through the ayre,
And make the night Queene pale to heare your noise.
Be peacefull wronged Ghost where soere thou beest,
Post to the blessed fields where soules take rest:
Drinke *Lethe* freely for thou art reuengd.
Come thou inclosure of a damned soule,
Ile be obedient beare to thy bed,
Then in my chamber laugh that thou art dead.

Ferrara takes vp Borgias, Borgias *drawes out Ferraras dagger and stabs him with it.*

What suddaine paine assaults my yeelding heart?

Borg. Ha ha, ha, youle beare me to my bed,
Then in your chamber laugh that I am dead.

Ferr. Liuest thou damnd villaine?

Borg. I liue, and laugh vilde slaue to see thy fall,
This is the inclosure of a damned soule,
Villaine thou shalt not breath another word.

Ferr. Stay but a minute longer, know that I haue
Thy promise and thy oath to be my guard,
Thy slaue I murthered and assumd his shape,
I am *Ferrara*.

Borg. *Ferrara*, ha? true true, clap clap ye furies
Dance your blacke rounds, and with your yron whips,
Fetching eternall lashes as ye skip,
Strike a loud sounding musicke through the aire

And make the nights Queene pale to heare your noise:
You haue my oath and promise for your guard:
So wise men promise fooles, but their reward
Like thine *Ferrara* is the losse of breath.

Ferr. Iustice I thee implore, reuenge my death

Borg. *Mulleasses* thinkes me dead, and in his plots
Goes on securely: Ile returne his pollicies,
And vpon him transport *Ferraras* murther.
My wife he hath forsooke: that sweetens danger
That I but liue to see reuenge on her.
My weake force built vpon the Turkish fleete,
I see is ruind, and I but vndermined:
No hope is left saue in mine owne commaund
And power with the state: whose light credulity,
I easely did delude with *Iulias* death.
But yet *Timoclea* liues, and may perhaps
Escape her false loues hate: which if she do,
This blacke nights horror falls like thunder on me:
She must not liue till day: be euer darke.
Stand night vpon the noone stead: and attend
My fates security: if euer blacknes pleasd
Or deedes to which men may resemble thee,
Turne then thy sooty horse, and with their feete,
Beate at the rising morne: & force the Sunne,
Forbeare his lustre till this black deed's done. *Exit.*

Finis Actus quart.

Actus 5. Scena 1.

Enter Timoclea sola.

Time. HEll and ye furies where soere you be,
Show me your tortures, and present your selues
Or let the burning monarch clad in flame,
Make an infernall eccho to my name.

I know not what I say: *Timoclea* wrongd,
Loue-slighted and contemned: O my wish!
That like the crosse-eyd witch of Thessaly
My voice could through the riuets of the earth
Hollo and call reuenge: or rather: what?
My dangerous ghost attir'd like *Nemesis*
About her middle for a virgin *Zone*
Girt with a forckt-tooth'd serpent, vent at my breast
That did exceed a stepdame in my lust.
Forbeare yet gentle maide; thy fathers soule
Kneels at the brazen Throne of *Radamanth*
And craues that office: Whither am I borne?
Dispaire, thou art a false glasse to the soule,
And in the conscience dazeld with thy guilt
Of many sinnes, dost vary formes of feare.
I not believe thy forc'd suggestions,
I am seduc'd by passion: death and terror.

Borg. Error, *within.*

Timo. False aire thou liest I erre not: my loues wronge
Ile teare out of my breast: forget those hopes
Made my hands bloody: I am cleare: vnstaind.

Borg. Staind:

Timo. Forbeare thy thunder gentle, gentle voice,
Beate not my conscience torments gainst the walls,
To make the Court ring with thy clamorous answers:
Heauens let my teares redeeme me vnto life.

Borg. Life.

Timo. Of my terror: I desire not: speake of death.

Borg. Death.

Timo. Of my daughter: how easie through the aire
Our sinnes are hurried: thou canst tell of murder.

Borg. Murder.

Timo. I of my husband: night thy cole-blacke wings
Though darker then the Moones ecclipsed browe
Are not fit Canopies for sinne.

Enter Borgias.

Borg. *Timoclea.*
Timo. Diſtraction of my ſoule, who breathes my name?
Borg. The airy breath of him that ſometime liu'd
A tenant in the breſt of *Borgias*,
By thee driuen out the frame and houſe of life.
Timo. By me
Borg. And now like one whome ſterne oppreſſion throwes
Nak'd out of all he did poſſeſſe: being robd and ſpoild
Of the warme couert he inhabited,
I ſigh my helpeleſſe wrongs, and in the aire
Counting all hope I had, find all diſpaire.
Timo. Diſpaire.
Borg. And empty longings for an end of paine,
Which I ſtill wiſh and craue.
Timo. But neuer gaine.
Borg. Neuer.
Timo. Forgiue me.
Borg. Aske it of the heauens,
To whom my blood with ceaſſeles clamours calls
For Iuſtice and reuenge.
Timo. Iuſtice in heauen is like my ſin gainſt thee
Cruell: and ſooner may I with my knees
Eate through the center: from theſe pearly eyes
Should there fall downe more teares of penitence
Then the clouds drop to purchaſe a newe ſpring
I could not be forgiuen.
Borg. Death is the winter dombd vnto thy ſoule
Diſrobe it of that warme and wanton fleſh,
The mouth of Iuſtice bids *Timoclea* dye.
Timo. Be thou then iuſtice executioner
Reuengefull ſpirit: in this fleſh of mine
Carue thy reuenge in carracters of blood

Blaſt

Blast me: or from the centers hollow deepe
Let loose some coniur'd tempests: whose lowd stormes
Driuen through the ayre sings horror to the world,
And let them hurle me gainst the labouring clowdes
Sinke to the brazen-gated deepe *Abisse*,
Where furies sit curling their snakes in knots,
And pull a viper from *Alectos* head,
And on these breasts that in thy heat of life,
Haue bene as pillowes to aduance thy lust
Let it sucke freely: the *Ægiptian* Queene
Nere dyed more daring.
And to the sterne commissioners of blood,
Be a glad *Hermes*: tell them, *Timoclea*
Takes vengeance on her selfe: dull Element be gone.
Borg. The mornings saffron horse breathes from the East
Their spicy vapors, suckt from th'ndian plaines
And through the gentle ayre hurle their perfumes.
I heare the Suns steedes trot towards the milky way,
And in a Coach of flames draw vp the day:
Auroras vsher to the starres of night,
Tels the approching of the God of light:
They gin to twinckle and take in their fires
At their ecclipse we spirits leaue the aire,
And in a dismall vale of darkenesse grone,
Vnder the burthen of a thousand chaines:
I must away, thou onely dost detayne me,
With want of vengeance, which thy death must gaine me.
Tim. It shall, it shall:
Hard hap of misery, it hath many hands,
That like the windings of a laborinth,
Leads the despayring wretch into a maze:
But not an *Ariadne* in the world,
That lends a clewe to led vs out the world.
The very maze of horror.
Cease thou that stands first mouer of the Spheres

From whose high concaue all inferiour fires
Deriue successiue motion.
Stand ye night-wandring planets in a maze,
And from your hollow Fabricks vewe *Timoclia*,
Or else ye heauens put in your flaring lights,
And on your azure-seiled arches hang
A rauen-blacke Canopy of congealed cloudes
That you may seeme a Chaos to the world,
And boade eternall darkenes: thou wert not made to kill,

Lookes on her haire displayed.

Nor was the Diademe of her *Ponticke* Queene
Made as a fatall instrument of death,
And yet it was the engine stop her breath
As thou must mine. Soule of *Borgias*
Thus to thy ghost I sacrifice my life,
To buy thy *requiem*.

Borg. I accept it wife.

He strangles her with her owne haire.

And thus returne the fall of *Borgias*.
Nay nay repent not deere *Timoclea*,
Y'are caught in faith: then like a Lyoneſſe
Snar'd in the wary hunters tangled toyles,
Grinde the thin aire: swell higher till thou burst,
And let the breath that like a vapour prest
Struggle within thy bosome, burle the vp.
Soft——the time spends fast, & I haue much to thinke of
Before the tell-tale god displaies his light,
To shewe the world the horror of this night.
First for thy death the luſtfull Turke must dye,
My riuall in the loue of *Iulia*.
Him Ile accuse for murdring thee. The Dukes
Because his claime may alienate my hopes
Him in my accusation I will ioyne
As ioynt coagent in the Turke deuises.
As for that rumour of faire *Iulias* death,

Ile first proclaime her life: and on *Mulleasses*
(Who now detaines her) will transfer the falsehood,
As if my selfe had bene by him deluded:
These mazes when like *Theseus* I haue trod,
Fortune shall spread her wings to make me sailes,
And with a strong ayre cut the angry tide,
That into mountaines swels to stay my pride.
Hah! what heauy noise beates through my eares?
Hang heauy *Morpheus* on the eies of men,
And make suspition sleepe.

Enter Philenzo and Phego.

Philen. The rumours strange I pray possesse me with your propper knowledge.

Phego. You shall vnderstand Sir, that according to my function, giuing neere attendance to my Lady, she being feruently imployed in the Lobby, about a mixture or composure of (as we vulgarly tearme it) a posset: vpon our first entrance, ere we had relisht the sweete of her sweete, that is the fruit of her labors, we were suddainely assayled by a she-goblin: to describe it Sir I am not able, for my eye-sight turn'd inward to looke after my heart that was running from my heeles, yet thankes to the lanckneese of my calfe they made reasonable haste.

Borg. Heart of all mischiefe see the Court is vp,
Hell and the darkenes keepe me from their sight.

Philen. At midnight did *Ferrara* leaue his chamber,
Heauens be his safety.

Phego. A ghost a ghost. *Exit Borgias*

Philen. Pursue it where it goes: feare shall not stop me.
Followe me sir, Ile speake to it, though death
Ceaze on my life: it shall not loose mine eies
Vnlesse it sincke into the earth. *Exit.*

Phego. S'foot my office is italianated, I am faine to come behinde.

Enter Bordello.

Bord. Was euer man thus diſtracted betweene the fleſh and the ſpirit? s'foot this Pill hath ſo fiered my manſion that vnleſſe I light on ſome water-worke, I ſhall looſe the raines like a ſecond *Phaeton*, and burne my Fabricke. Surely I am that *Tantalus* the hungry Poets talke of, and am as dry as an Eele in a ſand-bagge, and yet want water for the reaching: Let me ſee, why ſhould I feare ſpirits that haue raiſed vp ſuch an able one at my pleaſure, that like a bold Orator ſtands on tip-toes to ſpeake in Barre: and yet me thinkes he ſhould be no good pleader, he was ſo ſuddenly deiected and out of countenance with an apparition. I would the caſe were laid open, that I might ſee how my young mooter would beſtir himſelfe: Ha: who is this? no more ghoſts I hope: if it be it is the more womanlie of the two. She lyes as if ſhe knewe the end of her creation. On my life ſome wayting mayde that hath a Court Epilepſie come vpon her: Ile ſee if ſhe ſome at the mouth. Out & alas, the heauens haue conſpired poore *Bordellos* ouerthrowe. The vertuous *Timoclea* wretched and moſt accurſed hands, that haue truſt vp my fortunes in thy Elfe-knot.

Scæna 2.

Enter Duke of Venice, Lord Pruſias Attend.

Lord. THeſe apparitions doe import more weight
Then our diſtracted judgements can yet poize,
Yet mighty Duke ſuſpend a while all feare
If both my power in ſtate and worth in honor
May be ſufficient gage to be your guarde
Then thinke you are in ſafety.

Ven. Sir we thanke you: neither is there one

Knowne vnto vs in Florence, on whoſe worth,
I dard aſſure ſuch ſafety as from you,
And to that end I brought this gentleman,
As well to acquaint you with this deepe occurrence,
That much concernes your preſent ſtate, as craue
A guard for our ſecurity gainſt daunger.

Pruſ. Reſpect your guard great Duke. Villaine what art thou

Bord. A moſt deiected parcell of mans fleſh.

Pruſ. Lend your eyes and ſee
A deede as blacke as is the time that hides it:
A murdered gentlewoman.

Lord. Ignoble villaine, could thy coward-arme
Preſume the leaſt wrong to her feeble ſexe?

Bord. Wrong: heauens knowe I meant to haue done her as much right as could haue bene done to one of her ſexe.

Ven. Death hath not changd her forme: ſee her face,
You may diſcerne her by her character.

Lord, She beares the image of *Timoclea*
Wife vnto *Borgias*.

Ven. Soule of deluſion, in this very ſhape
The ghoſt of *Iulia* was preſented vnto me.

Lord. Amazement and the giddy thought of feare
Run an vnſteady circuit through my braine:
Thy feare and trembling doth proclaime thy guilt.

Bord. Alas Sir my ſhaking proceedes of a ſtanding ague I haue had this two houres.

Lord. The time importunates and craues ſuddaine counſell.
Guard ceaze him ſafe, ſome beare this body hence,
Wee'le vnto *Borgias* chamber, him wee'le wake,
Acquaint him with the ground of our ſuſpition.
Meane time be ſafe in me: nor loue nor life
Shall turne mine honors current: Ile be your guard:
This hand ſeemes your perſon, or my ſword
Shall in the Traytours heart make good my word. *Exeunt.*

Scena 3.

Scena 3.

Enter Mulleasses & Iulia &c.

Iuli. IF thou beest humane, then forsake thy sute
Your words are strange to me: my virgin eares
Nere knew such sound: desist I will not bowe.
Mull. We loose all pleasure that we do not knowe
Then like *Pandora* view those heauenly guifts,
The Gods haue deckt thee with: See but thy selfe
And taste more pleasure from thy proper good
Then from the full horne of the Protean floude
Elisium is in thee, and I implore——
Iuli. Syrens haue left the Sea and sing on shore.
Mull. Could I out-sing those Syrens *Iulia*,
Or were my voyce as tunefull as that harpe
That now vies musicke with the harmonious orbes,
To which each learned Sister nail'd a star,
Thou mightst with safety heare me: thy Vncles loue
Cold as the white head of the *Apennine*
feeles not my fire: ambition of rule
Turnes al the heate is left in him to incest.
If thy warme blood (that dallies in thy vaines,
And through thy flesh like wanton riuilets plaies)
Desires with *Nyle* to rise aboue her bankes,
And vent in pleasure on the neighbouring plaines,
A carpet richer then the breast of Tempe,
Or *Tagus* yellow channell, shall be spread
And prest with *Iulias* weight.
Nor the blew Sea-god when in stormes he treads
On pearles as Orient as the rysing East,
For which the toyling Negro diues in vaine,
Are boasted of such wealth: thy bed as soft
As downe feathers pluckt from *Ledas* swannes,
Shall yeeld vnto thy dalliance,

A hundred boyes like winged Cherubins
As faire as *Psiches* loue shall——
Iulia. Enough, too much: I am not fit for pleasure
Or if I were, thy Mermaid eloquence
Sounds harsher in my eares then *Sillas* dogs
Vnto the frighted Sea-man.
Mul. Lady.
Iulia. Heathen prophane.
Mull. Be gentle Madam.
Iulia If thou beest gentle leaue me *Mahomet*
Our loues like our religions are at warres
And I disclaime all peace.
Mull. And I allouers smoothnes: your Vnckles dead
His power is mine, and you must goe.
Iulia. Soule of wrongs: whither? y'are both to weake
Ther's more then woman in me: villaine, slaue:
Mul. You vrge me vnto violence come to my chamber.
Iulia. In hell or in my graue: a rape, treason: treason.
Lord. A guard, a guard.
Mull. Death of my hope the Court is vp.
Enter Lord, Venice, and attendants: with Bordello bound.
Ven. From hence the voyce was heard, be circumspect.
Iulia. Treason, treason.
Lord. Who speakes that word?
Iulia. *Iulia* your Soueraigne.
Mul. Scilence or thou dyest.
Lord. Error of darkenesse in what Labirinth
Our soules are plunged: raise the Court: *Iulia?*
Iul. I.
Ven. *Iulia* and *Mulleasses?*
Mul. *Iulia* and *Mulleasses* fond Venitian
Preuented at the point of hapines:
Ven. Thus I redeeme her.
Mul, And like *Cephalus* kill thine owne *Procris.*
Iul. Saue me.
Lord. Thy death shall be her freedome infidell.
Mul. Why stop you in your course? not breathed Christians?

Nayle vs together. Now me thinks I stand
Like a proud Lyon with a richer prize
Then *Nessus* would haue stolne from *Hercules*
And dare your enuies: my death vnto your state
Shalbe as ominous as his poysond shirt:
Your false Protector's dead: I e mockt your griefes
And made you weepe at *Iulias* funerall,
Whose hope I vnderwrought, and now had worne
The wreath of Florence: Loue and ambition,
Kindled my cold braine from their mutuall heate
Sprung my aspiring aime: nor shall it suncke
But in the death of *Iulia*: since I cannot
Quench my hot thirst of Lust, and coole the heat
That hotter then the coales of *Parta*
Burne in my liuer: like the Inowy Dragon,
Tangling the Elephant in his snarled orbes:
Ile dye in the pursuit of my desire,
And mixe our bloods in death to sate my fire.

Ven. Hold monster.

Lord. Damnation on thy soule.

Ven. Thy death shall ransome her.

Mul. Death double thy feard force, and it some forme
Affright pale *Hecate* darken the Moone,
I like the Sunne, backt on th' Arcadian beast,
When in his burning progresse he did sundge
Adonis gardens: from my soules faire light
Chase cloudy feare: and like *Thetis* sonne,
When he was oynted with Ambrosia,
Am more then fire-proofe: liues *Iulia* yet?

Ven. She liues dam'd villaine and out-liues thy hate.

Mull. Death had bene kinde in her: with her I might
Vnder the coole shades of *Elisium*
Played before *Pluto* and made *Proserpine*
As icalous as *Iuno* of my loue——
But since I must not

Enter Borgias Philenzo, Phego.

Borg. Vp from the darke earths exhalations

Thicker then *Lernas* foggy mists and hide me:
I cannot loose their sight, hel of feare!
Phil. It flies our eager steps: follow, follow.
Lord. What meanes these clamours: *Borgias*?
Mul. Hah, *Borgias*:
Borg. Horror of soules I am surprizd.
Mull. Illusiue ayre, false shape of *Borgias*,
Could thy vaine shaddow worke a feare in him
That like an *Atlas* vnder went the earth
When with a firme and constant eye he sawe
Hells fifty headed Porter: thus I'de preue
Thy apparition idle:——*runnes at Borgias.*
Borg. Treason: I liue: Deuils and Furies I am slaine.
Lord. Wonder of admiration: what distraction is this?
Mul. Ha ha, ha: climbe high my mounting spirit
And when thou hast aspird to thy full hight
Like a Collossus on a base of cloudes
Stand and applaud thy fortunes: *Borgias*
Borg. Grin'st hellish Anticke?
Mul. Should the *Cecropian* theefe stretch my torne flesh
Racke on his bed of steele: if on *Caucasus*
My growing liuer were exposd a prey
To rauening Vulturs: I would still laugh
To see thee like a falling *Pine-tree* reele
In a rough tempest.
Borg. Hold vp ye broken organs of my soule
Carry me high and make me stand as firme
As Oakes on *Ossa*: that aduance their tops
Euen till their rootes breake. *Timoclea*
Mull. For loue of me kild her owne childe
Thy daughter *Amada*.
Lord. Amazement!
Borg. Blest fates I thanke you: I shal dye reueng'd
Fly, *Ione* lou'd *Nemesis* and at Iustice feet
Shake thy triumphall Ash: I slue *Timoclea*
Mull. By thee before thought dead

I tooke her from the hearse of *Iulia*,
When in the habit of a murdred ghost,
This night she appeared to the Duke, to breed
Suspect in them of thee, and arme their hate
Vnto my plotted faction.
Ven. Damnd illusion.
Lord. Where is *Ferrara*?
Phil. Heauens be his guard.
Borg. So they are. He kild my slaue
And in his habit by this hand he dyed.
Phil. False periurd villaine. *He runs at him.*
Borg. Sinke, sinke *Cytheron*, high *Pallene* tremble
Greene *Tempe* wither, and with me forgoe
Your place and being, this whole world of flesh
With fatall earth-quakes totters.
False Turke thy fate be but as cruell as is *Borgias* hate. *moritur.*
Mul. Stoope down thou Lydian mount, bend thy cold head
And hide it in thy brackish fathers waues
That as thou shrinkst, thy starry loade may nod
At *Mulleasses* fall; or euer shroude
Those ioyfull bonfires in a mourning cloude. *moritur.*
Ven. Iust end of treason.
Lord. Madame our dutres ioy your life
And wish your happinesse.
Ven. As the iust reward of daunger.
My Lord I claime her loue.
Lord. Not without Iustice braue Venecian
She is herselfe and free.
Iulia. And thus I giue my selfe.
Lord. Heauens seale it for the the good of both our states.
Ven. Philenzo:
We can but grieue at great *Ferraras* losse:
Embassadours from vs shall plead our sorrowes
Euen to your Senats: meane time his obsequies
Shall want no honor: Signior *Bordello*
We giue you liberty: what remaines vndone
Shall by the Senate be confirm'd: leade on.

FINIS.